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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[AN UNEXPECTED APPEAL.]

## SHE SHINES ME DOWN.

(BY ANNIE THOMAS.)

### CHAPTER XXV.

Yet do not, though the world's cold school  
Some bitter truths has taught me,  
Oh, do not deem me quite the fool  
Which wiser friends have taught me!

"I don't like you going up to town without me, and it's impossible for me to get away from home just now," Arch Saltoun says to his wife as she is on the brink of departing for that neatly improvised visit to London which has indirectly been brought about by Miss Gascoigne.

Gladys finishes buttoning her faultlessly fitting gloves before she replies; then she says:

"You don't like my going without you, but all the same you're rather glad to be free from the incubus of my capricious presence for a time? You overrated your own strength, Arch, when you thought you could bear the burden of such a wife as—I told you I should make: at least I have not been deceitful, I have tried to make and keep the friends you desired me to make and keep, and I have failed through no fault of my own."

"You're angry with me because a friend of your own has come in your way with the Ellerdals?" he says, complainingly.

"Angry! no, not angry; that is not the word I should use to express what I feel about you, and all of them; you made the conciliation of the 'neighbourhood' such an important feature in our future lives when we married, that perhaps I have attached undue weight to the friendship of the only people in it who were endurable to me. Hesselton society has no charms for me, how should it have made up as it is of mediocrity and malice? but the Ellerdals, I liked the Ellerdals, and now that I have lost them, I feel I must get away from your 'neighbourhood' for a while, if ever I am to possess my soul in patience in it again."

Arch looks at his wife with admiration. She possesses the fine art of speaking passionate words with due emphasis, but without screaming. In another minute the carriage will be round to take her to the station.

He has no time to lose, for he has both a concession to make to, and a command to lay upon her.

"Britton will be with you, and that's enough of course, in lodgings, but, Gladys, I should be infinitely happier about you, my darling, if I knew you were with Florry; and—and I think you're right about the Ellerdals. Miss Gascoigne has come between you in a most unjustifiable way, and you have good grounds for annoyance."

"She is wrong, and they are weak, which is worse," Gladys says, "and now Lady Ellerdale is ill, and I who owe her so much won't go to her, because of the woman who has come between us—the woman who was my friend."

"Why don't you speak to Ellerdale?" Arch says, hurriedly, as he hears the scrunch of the carriage wheels on the gravel outside; "make him make it straight with his wife, tell him

you have unadvisedly introduced a regular scheming adventuress to them, and let us see whether they'll prefer to back the sociable unknown Miss Gascoigne to Mrs. Saltoun of Friars Court."

"Do you think I would give back slap for slap, prick for prick? not a bit of it, Arch: when I turn I shall mean killing if I can, but I don't think it's worth my while to try and kill Miss Gascoigne yet."

Then the carriage comes, and Gladys gets in as calmly as if she were going to a flower-show, and amiably empowers Arch to telegraph at once to his sister, apprising her of the advent of Mrs. Saltoun.

She looks back lingeringly once or twice with an unusual pain swelling her heart, an unusual film of unshed tears dimming her eyes, and blurring the scene before her.

Arch still stands on the steps, but his gaze is not directed after the receding carriage. He is playing with the leaping greyhounds, and calling to the prancing peacocks.

"He has wearied of me, I have worn out his love and patience," she says to herself with pathetic bitterness. "And now that I have lost it, I would give the world to regain it."

Then she goes on to meditate as to whether it is worth while, after all, to flee from the home that might be so happy, and from the husband who would have been so loving if she had let him, merely because her pride is piqued by a social wrong, wrought for her ungenerously by a false friend.

But she is at the station, in the carriage, and the train is moving on, before she makes full

confession to herself that in thus acting, she is acting idiotically.

She has ample time for reflection in the train, for though Britton is with her, that astute woman knows well when silence is golden in her mistress's estimation.

That Arch is alienated from her she is sure, and she is equally sure that no one save herself has had part or parcel in this alienation. As far as her husband is concerned she is spared all jealous, gnawing pain.

But late remorse claims her for his own when she remembers how fervent that love of his for her was which she has so ruthlessly frittered away.

"And all for the sake of seeming to reign paramount with Lord Ellerdale, a man who is not worth even my scorn since he can forget my claims upon his friendship and consideration at the bidding of an actress whose cleverest part is that of an adventuress. And Arch evidently thinks that a deeper feeling must have existed for me to be so hurt, and wrongs himself by more than half believing and wholly fearing that I have wronged him. If Florence will help me, I may go home and be a happy woman still, and repay him after all for all I have made him suffer; but if she throws me back upon myself—"

Mrs. Saltoun does not say even to herself what will happen in case Mrs. Dumorest pursues this latter course, but her face blanches, and her eyes have a lurid light in them, that shows Britton plainly that the demon who is never exorcised for any great length of time from her mistress's breast, is in full possession of that stronghold again.

The journey is over at last, and Gladys is received pleasantly enough by her sister-in-law. Mrs. Dumorest cannot quite banish the recollection from her mind of the fact that she has never been admitted to the smallest share of the glories of Friars Court since Gladys has reigned there.

Still she will not allow the remembrance to tinge her manner to her guest.

The two women meet with smiles, and kiss each other on their respective cheeks, and Mrs. Dumorest at once proceeds to express the surprise and delight she felt on receipt of her brother's telegram.

"The delight of course would have been naturally enhanced if Arch had come with you," she goes on. "I see so little of my brother now that I naturally felt disappointed when he said he couldn't accompany you."

"Arch is not happy just at present, and I think that both he and I felt that it would be better for us to be apart for a time," Gladys says, with candour that sounds as if it had a defiant ring about it in Florence's sisterly ears.

"Probably you think that it serves him right as he persisted in marrying me without your advice," Gladys goes on, not giving the other one time to speak; "but I pity him so, that I have come to you to try and get you to help me to make him happier. I want you to tell him that it was for no bygone fault or folly of my own that the disgrace of having the presentation cancelled befel me. I want you to tell him that the cloak of secrecy in which I have enveloped my past life is to cover no sin or shame of my own; and I want you to fully believe these things yourself without asking for further explanation from me?"

"It is asking me to do a great deal, and to believe a great deal," Mrs. Dumorest says, in the most judicial tone she can assume.

But in spite of this tone she is considerably impressed by the reality which manifests itself in every lineament of Gladys' face, and in every accent of her voice.

"It is asking you to do and to believe a great deal, and I am not a good suppliant; still I feel I have so nearly lost Arch, that I could humble myself to anyone who loved him, in order to regain him; some day or other I may be free to tell you and him what it is that clouded my life with undeserved sorrow, and would cover me with undeserved shame if it were discovered. The only offence I have committed against the

world is this, that my hand has been against every man because I have believed that every man's hand has been against me."

"If you had only made me your friend, and only allowed me to be your friend from the first!" Mrs. Dumorest says, considerably moved.

"It's no use being retrospective," Gladys answers, impatiently, "you were only one of the throng who misjudged me, in my eyes, and I misjudged you accordingly in consequence, and tried to triumph over you with your brother. I confess it all, and now I come to you for help."

"I shall naturally do all in my power to restore my brother's lost happiness," Mrs. Dumorest says, and she feels absolutely inclined to put her arms round the neck of the pretty penitent before her, and indulge in a flood of reconciliatory tears.

But sad and sorrowful as Gladys is, there is something in her aspect which forbids gush. So Mrs. Dumorest puts a check upon her impulse, and speaks in a measured strain, that is neither sympathetic nor ridiculous.

However, although it is not the former of these things Gladys is satisfied with it, and the two get on together very much better after this explanation, and as the services of the children were called into requisition presently to entertain "Aunt Gladys," the little explanation scene is got over comfortably enough, and composure resumes its habitual dominion over the nerves and manners of the two ladies.

Gladys matures her plans in the privacy of her own room this night, and before she sleeps, writes a long letter to her husband, informing him of them.

"I propose (she says) staying a week or ten days with Florence, and then if they will come, bringing the Dumorests back to Friars Court with me; Florence will explain several things to you that have, I am sadly sure, perplexed and worried you; if she can succeed in imparting her convictions to you, you will be much happier, and perhaps will again give me the love that I have so recklessly trifled with. Her presence will be a fair excuse for my seeing Lady Ellerdale, and seeking to reinstate myself with her. She is a good woman, but I will tell you honestly that it is not for herself alone that I desire to stand well with her. It is because friendship and intimacy with her ensures courtesy and consideration from others, and without that courtesy and consideration I cannot live at Friars Court. I must rule Heselton, it must not 'tolerate' me."

Down at Dalesmeet, meanwhile, events are marching on in a way that is terribly antagonistic to Mrs. Saltoun's scheme of future peace and happiness.

The Countess of Ellerdale is ebbing away rapidly and unconsciously.

Physicians come and go by every train to and from London, they look at the unconscious lady, smell and analyse the medicines Mr. Dent has given her, declare that "no system of treatment could have been better than the one pursued," shake their heads sagaciously, pocket their fee resignedly, press Lord Ellerdale's hand with deferential sympathy, and go, leaving the case with all confidence in Mr. Dent's hands."

In his dire distress and perplexity, Lord Ellerdale turns after the manner of man to the one sympathetic comforter who is always by in loose silken garments of exquisite design, ready to utter words of hope and encouragement.

There is something delicately indicative of being always in readiness to take her place in the chamber of sickness in these loose flowing robes which Miss Gascoigne affects which is soothing to the mind of the now-frightened husband.

He finds himself contrasting the devotion which induces Miss Gascoigne to cast aside cuirass bodies and tightly tied back skirts for the time with the heartless conduct of that former friend of his, Mrs. Saltoun, who, he hears from Miss Gascoigne, "is up in London enjoying herself so much, dashing about everywhere with a most distinguished man," she adds, with a little meaning laugh, and omitting to mention that the distinguished man is none other than Clement Dumorest, Gladys's brother-in-law.

Lord Ellerdale listens to these recitals with affected indifference, but he admits to himself that he has never been so mistaken in a woman before, and would go so far as to despise himself if he were any other man than the Earl of Ellerdale for having been taken in to the extent of having bestowed even a fleeting temporary regard upon so unworthy an object.

But all recollection of Gladys, and all revengeful feeling about Gladys, is merged after a day or two in passionate regret for the wife whose patient, unsuspecting, easily satisfied devotion to himself forces him to feel, now that she is dead, that it ought to have made him a better husband to her.

And into the presence of this grief, daring as she is, Miss Gascoigne does not dare to intrude.

She acts cleverly enough in this dilemma. It will be impolitic, she feels, to stay on at Dalesmeet, and so shock people's prejudices, and cause Lord Ellerdale to feel that she is acting injudiciously.

But it will be equally impolitic, she tells herself, to remove herself altogether from within his reach, and allow him to realise that he can do without her.

Accordingly she goes in the carriage with the blinds down, and her eyelids delicately tinted red, to Mrs. Willoughby, and wins that lady to offer hospitably to receive her as a guest at once.

"She is so beautifully grateful and tender-hearted," Mrs. Willoughby says to her husband in extenuation of her rash act; "she cried when she spoke of the Ellerdals' kindness to her, and said she could not run quite away now this heavy trouble has come upon him, and unfortunately Mrs. Saltoun, who is like her sister, and always only too delighted to see her, is away in London; what could I do but ask her?"

"It seems to me she asked herself," the rector replies, but he is civil enough when Miss Gascoigne arrives with all her big boxes, and this is quite enough for Miss Gascoigne for the time.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

And I think in the lives of most women and men  
There's a moment when all would go smooth  
and even  
If only the dead could find out when  
To come back, and be forgiven.

ONCE more Gladys is home again at Friars Court, and once more (for how long?) all seems pleasant and peaceful in her usually stormy, emotion-tossed life.

She has returned from her brief visit to Arch's sister, bringing that sister with her.

Softened by the consideration that Mrs. Dumorest has accepted the olive-branch graciously enough, grievously long as she (Gladys) has been before holding it out, the mistress of Friars Court creates a balmy social atmosphere in the neighbourhood, and again (for how long?) is the winner of golden opinions.

Perhaps transient remorse may have something to do with this newly-born, steady gentleness of hers.

Now that Lady Ellerdale is dead and buried, gone beyond all power of possible reparation, Gladys feels sharp regret for having yielded to the dictates of vanity, and for having allowed anything like an estrangement to grow up between herself and that kind, undemonstrative lady who bore her own honours so meekly.

Vanity—futile, motiveless, greedy vanity—Gladys confesses to herself has been the interloper who insidiously crept in between her better nature's desire to retain Lady Ellerdale's regard. Vanity led her to endeavour to make the husband of her friend bow the knee, and bear the yoke in public homage to her charms. Vanity, pained and mortified, bid her flee incontinently in open arms, when Lord Ellerdale's easily-moved fancy wandered off to a fresh object.

It was no just wrath with a frivolous flirtation that induced her to get away from the sight and the sound of his admiration for Miss Gascoigne, and which led her to renounce all consideration for the claims Lady Ellerdale's forbearance had established on her.



Now that it is too late she remembers them vividly, and recognises them warmly, and vows that never again shall vanity enslave her to her own destruction.

She is in this mood when Miss Gascoigne pays her a visit for the first time, and it is a mood which the fair Geraldine observes with much satisfaction, for she feels that it may be moulded to her will.

Miss Gascoigne is in the most mournful-hued and textured silk, and the most grievous-looking crape that ever came forth from Jay's.

"I didn't know you had any parents," Mrs. Saltoun says, looking at the garments of woe inquiringly.

"They died ten or twelve years ago, when I was quite a child. Indeed, I hardly remember them," Miss Gascoigne replies, quickly, looking as young as is possible at a moment's notice.

"I feared you had lost a very near relative," Gladys goes on, looking critically at the intensely black robe.

"I have lost a very near friend as you might remember," Miss Gascoigne says in sweet and subdued tones. "I hardly know how to approach the sad subject with you, Gladys, for though you had known her a long time, and had always been on friendly terms with her as I thought, you seemed to forget all about her lately."

"Lady Ellerdale could never have thought that I was anything but fond of her, and grateful for her?" Gladys questions.

"I, at least, always tried to make her believe in your fondness and gratitude; it pained me dreadfully to see you drifting apart from her, though I said all the time that it was want of thought, not want of heart, that made you act as you did; he felt it more than she did. I really believe, for he is a true friend of yours, Gladys, and whatever spirit of idle gallantry may possess him with regard to other women, he will, I am sure, always be loyal and staunch to you."

"That's very good of him," Gladys says, coldly.

"Don't reject the proffered good opinion because I am the medium by which it is conveyed to you," Miss Gascoigne says, pathetically. "I have been so jealous for you, Gladys, it has hurt me very much lately to see the feeling that is growing up in people's minds—in the Willoughbys, for instance—about you; they are actually foolish enough, and wicked enough, to think that you are cool to me because you are envious of the few little attentions Lord Ellerdale pays me for his dead wife's sake; of course the idea is beyond measure ridiculous, but on your account it vexes me that they should have got it into their heads."

"It's not very important," Gladys says, "still as it vexes you for them to retain the idea, we had better try to do away with it; what do you want me to do, Geraldine? for I know you want me to do something?"

"Well, the Willoughbys are marvellously kind, and treat me quite like a daughter," Geraldine says, with a frank assumption of being resolved to give the Willoughbys their due, whatever comes of it; "still I feel much more at home with you, Gladys, naturally than I can ever feel with them; in fact, if I should not be interfering with your other guests, I would like to come back and finish my visit to you."

Gladys inclines her head in modified assent to this proposition.

"I thought your engagement at the 'Pandemonium' had commenced," she remarks.

"Oh, didn't you know I was obliged to give that up to stay and nurse dear Lady Ellerdale. It was a great sacrifice, and a dreadful loss to me, but as you know, no money consideration would tempt me to forget the claims of friendship."

"I have heard you say that no claim that friendship could make upon you could tempt you to forget your duty to your art," Gladys says, smiling; "tell the truth, Geraldine; it was something above and beyond friendship which tempted you to give up your engagement; was it love or lucre?"

Miss Gascoigne colours, bites her lips, lets her eyes gleam with the fury she feels for a moment, but holds her tongue till she can speak unconcernedly.

"Neither one nor the other, and I like you too well to quarrel with you for the suggestion, though it hurts me," she says, when she has got herself under proper control.

Then she goes on to tell Mrs. Saltoun that the Willoughbys will be broken-hearted at losing her, but that she feels it to be due to Gladys to show to the world at large, and Hestleton in particular, that there is no feeling of coolness between Gladys and herself.

"It would lay you open to all sorts of unfounded and damaging suspicions if people thought you jealous of me, for why should you be, dear?" she says, with her most truthful expression turned on in her fine well-opened eyes.

"I know how superior you are to the feeling yourself, and I know that if you ever felt a pang about the Elleraldes and me, it was solely on her account. But then, other people do not know it; they pretend not to do so, which is just the same thing; but when they see us together again nothing can be said to harm or pain you."

"You are very considerate for me," Gladys says, quietly, "and now, when will it be quite convenient for you to come here?"

"Well, really, Gladys, to be right, I think the sooner the better, for you. I shall have to make all sorts of excuses to the Willoughbys, for naturally they are so glad to have me that they won't like my leaving them, but I think of you more than of anyone else, Gladys, and it is for your sake that I want to show the world that Geraldine Gascoigne and Gladys Saltoun are still friends."

"Ah!"

"I think Lord Ellerdale's kind heart will be pleased too," Miss Gascoigne goes on, disregarding the slight encouragement; "he is such a large-hearted, broad-minded man, that anything small, such as scandal and misunderstandings between women jar upon him. He would be so sorry for there to be the appearance of one between us."

"That is very magnanimous and noble of him," Gladys laughs; "but why should he take the burden of our folly (if we were guilty of it) upon himself; upon my own head be my sin, whatever it may be. I don't desire that Lord Ellerdale should suffer the least twinge in that easy-going thing his conscience on my account."

"He speaks in a very different tone about you," Miss Gascoigne says, more in sorrow than in anger, apparently. "When he talks to me of you it is always in the kindest way, and as he is in trouble now you ought to recall all your friendliest feelings for him."

"Is he in trouble?"

"Gladys, his wife, our friend, is dead."

"And that troubles him, does it?" Gladys says, scornfully. "All I can say is that well as I naturally wish to think of a man whom you tell me is good enough to 'speak kindly' of me, I find it difficult to believe that he has so much real feeling left in him as to be in trouble about his wife's death. He has lived a life of sham emotion. Don't tell me that he has suddenly developed anything so true as real feeling."

"It is so difficult to know who is sincere and who is not in this world, isn't it?" Miss Gascoigne replies.

"I never distress myself by trying to sift sincerity from insincerity. I should fail in doing it if I tried. I always seem to believe while to do so suits me, and leave off the seeming directly it ceases to suit me. What day am I to have the pleasure of seeing you tear yourself away from the Willoughbys and come back to me?"

"The sooner a parting that will be painful is got over the better, I think, so I'll come to-morrow if you wish it, Gladys. Poor Mrs. Willoughby, I don't mind telling you that though she is kindness itself to me, she's a terrible bore; we haven't an interest in common, and she can never get her mind out of the parish; and as for him, though, I have the greatest respect for him, his mere presence

oppresses me, after being with such a charming host as Lord Ellerdale, who always says the right thing at the right moment. Mr. Willoughby's ponderous sentences and equally ponderous pauses are crushing."

"Arch hasn't the art of saying the right thing invariably at the right time, but he is not ponderous, and so perhaps you will put up with him," Gladys says, quietly. Then the two friends kiss and part "until to-morrow."

"I shouldn't have done it of my own accord, because I know you won't like her, and I know that I don't want her, but Miss Gascoigne put an invitation into my mouth to give her to come here to-morrow," Mrs. Saltoun says to her sister-in-law this evening.

"Oh, Gladys! what a pity," Mrs. Dumorest says, injudiciously. "Just as everything seems going so pleasantly here with us all."

"She will not have the power to make things go unpleasantly, if other people are sensible; on the contrary, it will be her object to make them go pleasantly, and she always has her object well in view."

"I suppose I must not presume to offer advice, Gladys."

"You had better not if you will feel hurt at its being rejected," Gladys interrupts. "Miss Gascoigne is inevitable; she will triumph over me in coming here, because she feels that I no longer trust her or want her, but she would triumph infinitely more in my refusing to have her."

And when she says this the disagreeable conviction forces itself afresh upon Mrs. Dumorest that there is a dark and dreary passage in her sister-in-law's life, and that Miss Gascoigne holds the key of its carefully locked and sedulously guarded door.

Over at the Willoughbys, meanwhile, a solemn little party had been dining.

Lord Ellerdale has been lured from his mournful seclusion for the first time since his wife's death by Mrs. Willoughby, and induced to join "their little family party," consisting of her husband, her herself, and her young friend Miss Gascoigne.

He has come under protest, but now that he is here he is surprised to find how comfortable he is, and how alive to the consoling influences of a well-cooked dinner, good wine, delicate and artistic arrangements of flowers, and the presence of a fair woman whose brilliancy is toned down in mournful sympathy for him.

As he looks at Miss Gascoigne, whose capably-managed complexion is the result of a patient continuance in swallowing arsenic, he cannot help contrasting her dead black garments favourably with a certain brilliant toilette which the local papers describe Mrs. Saltoun as having worn last night at a county ball.

His wife had been the Countess of Ellerdale, and it is only a befitting tribute to him that so much of the world as knows him should reverence his show of sorrow and share it, and generally go heavily so long as he pleases to do so himself.

Feeling all this with the intensity with which he feels all things that immediately concern his own dignity, and glory, and honour, he is inclined to punish Gladys to the utmost for her apparent disregard of these mighty attributes of his.

"We lose Miss Gascoigne to-morrow," Mrs. Willoughby says to him at dinner, and the good woman, as she says it, darts a glance at her husband plainly beseeching him not to let the satisfaction he feels at the announcement reign too radiantly in his face.

Lord Ellerdale has heard nothing of the proposed change as yet, and for reasons of his own the mention of it gives him as much pleasure as it does Mr. Willoughby. Nevertheless he expresses polite regret and adds:

"You go to London, I suppose? the stage has too long been deprived of its brightest ornament."

"I go to Friars Court," Miss Gascoigne says with demure spite.

She can have professional compliments from far more brilliant men than Lord Ellerdale any and every day of her life.

That which she has set her heart upon getting from his lordship appears to be receding out of her reach when he can take such a tone as this.

"To Friars Court, indeed!"

His knowledge of women has taught him that there is enmity between these two former friends, and that in a measure he is the cause of it.

It does not bode well for his peace that the fair foes should be in conjunction at his gates in this way.

"Whata sweet, charming woman Mrs. Saltoun is," Mrs. Willoughby says, irrelevantly, "you and she are quite old friends, are you not?"

"Quite old friends. No one knows her good qualities better than I do," Miss Gascoigne replies.

"I suppose I mustn't be angry with you for leaving us under such circumstances," Mrs. Willoughby says, archly, shaking her head, and Geraldine smiles with holy sweetness, and again the two gentlemen look glum.

(To be Continued.)

#### VALUE OF POULTRY.

If farmers who think poultry does not pay, would give their feathered stock to their sons and daughters, with permission to enjoy and own any profit that might accrue from keeping them, they would soon be convinced that "there was something in it." There is certainly no more health-promoting exercise than that afforded by caring for, or having the management of a flock of poultry, and if the flock is one of any of the pure breeds there is in addition to the exhilarating influence, an enthusiasm that causes what otherwise would be considered a task, to become a pleasure—and therefore profit and pleasure are combined.

A young lady, during the year of 1874, kept a strict account of all expenditures for feed, &c., for her yard of fowls, and at the regular prices for eggs and chickens, and she cleared above all expenses £60, besides having more stock on hand than she started with. Is not this an incentive sufficient to awaken an interest among the numerous fair readers of the farmers in favour of gallinacious stock? It is certainly worthy of emulation.

It is now suggested that no person shall be shut up as a lunatic unless certified to be such by one of a medical board, all of whom are to be named by Government in the same way that inspectors of schools, or mines, or factories are appointed. The proposal is a good one, for it seems that persons can be shut up in a mad-house without the necessary formality of being mad, which is rather awkward.

THE Countess Helena Gazeewska has been arrested lately at Vienna for defrauding jewellers. It has been already proved that within a comparatively short time her frauds at Paris amounted to 200,000*fr.*; at Marseilles, to 150,000*fr.*; Yverdon, to 60,000*fr.*; at Nice, to 35,000*fr.*; at Monaco, to 20,000*fr.*; at Brussels, to 10,000*fr.*, &c. The Countess disposed of the jewels thus obtained to persons in good society, whom she made believe that the jewels were her own, and that she sold them in order to help the Russian wounded.

MR. JOSH BILLINGS, after considerable study since the 1st of April, 1877, has accumulated the following facts and philosophies: "There is lots of people in this world who spend so much time watching their health that they haven't got time to enjoy it. I have a great curiosity now to know when the next flood is going to take place, and whether there can be found on the face of the earth a crew fit to man the next ark with. There is nothing that you and I make so mummy blunders about, and the world so few, as the actual amount of our importance."

#### AN AMUSING SUPERSTITION.

In Rome many of the people will sign no contract on Friday. Neither will they light three candles or sit in a room when three candles only are lighted. In Florence this deep-rooted horror of certain numbers and days take quite a comical form. In many streets and squares there is no number thirteen, but twelve and a half has been substituted, so that the numbers run eleven, twelve and a half, and fourteen. In this ingenious way the dread number is completely done away with. Houses bearing the unlucky thirteen rarely find any Italian lodgers.

#### THE FATHER'S CROWN.

"I AM a king!" they heard the stranger say,

And as he journeyed not in royal guise,

They wondered that he argued in this wise,

And cried: "Where is your crown, oh, traveller grey?"

He took them to the outskirts of the town,

And as he neared his dwelling, children sweet,

A pretty flock, came rushing to his feet—

"Here are the gems," he said, "that make my crown."

Here is my court; and here my subjects true,

My faithful wife, my precious girls and boys,

Make my fair kingdom, and enhance the joys,

That multiply, while outside wants are few.

Love is our stronghold; love our wealth untold,

Free, like a constant river, in its flow,

While craven fear my little ones ne'er know,

And "father's promise" is to them as gold.

The children gone before on wings of light

To peaceful mansions that are bright and fair,

And these who claim my constant loving care,

Are all one flock, estranged but for a night.

Two folds with but one Shepherd over all,

Two homes divided by a single stream;

Once crossed, the first may like some vision seem,

And me awake to hear our darlings call.

M. A. K.

#### SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

EVERY now and then we stumble upon nervously suspicious people whom we can scarcely approach without giving offence in some way. Such people are in a state of chronic affliction, somebody is always coming short in treatment of them. If you look at them, it is a stare; if you do not look at them, it is a slight. There is no safe way with the over-sensitive but a straightforward one. If you try to avoid one corn, you are sure to tread on another.

The suspiciously exacting person is one of a fine-spun ingenuity. He can piece your words into a sense you never dreamed of, he can make a chain of circumstantial evidence strong enough

to hang you from occurrences the most innocent. Almost everything you do has a suspicious meaning. Now the highest sort of a gentleman is one who can overlook such ungentelemanliness in others. A politeness that stands ever on the watch to exact an equal politeness in return is more annoying than a generous rudeness. No man is more uncomfortable than he who not only weighs his own words and gestures, and measures the exact significance of his smiles and frowns, but who makes you feel that he is also weighing and measuring your motions. Such an one may think himself a gentleman, but he is only a social collector of customs in a gentleman's shell. A true gentleman is not careful to keep the balance even.

#### WHITE TEETH.

THE famous Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, although entirely blind, being one day in company, remarked of a lady who had just left the room, and who was wholly unknown to him, that she had very white teeth. The company were anxious to learn how he had made the discovery; for it happened to be true. Said the professor:

"I can think of no motive for her laughing incessantly, but that of showing her teeth."

Dr. Saunderson was blind from infancy, but became eminent as a classical scholar and mathematician, and occupied for many years the chair of mathematics in Cambridge University. He judged philosophically, and from his observation of human nature, as in the case of the lady's teeth; but he possessed in a high degree the sense of feeling and hearing. He could distinguish true from counterfeit Roman medals by the touch. He could tell, by some effect of the air upon his person, when light clouds were passing over the disc of the sun. When he entered a room, he could judge of the size of it by the sound of his footsteps.

#### HAPPINESS.

THE idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone—a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasant and graceful whole—a costly jewel.

Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardour of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been brought nigh unto us.

THE COUNTRY OF INTELLIGENT ANIMALS.—In trying to show that in 1640 religious dissent had died out in Scotland, a recent biographer of Milton puts the fact thus:—"Not a man, not a woman, not a child, not a dog, not a rabbit all over Scotland, but belonged to the Kirk, or had to pretend that relationship."

THREE more new small planets have recently been discovered: the first by M. Perrotin, at Toulouse, on January 29th; the second by M. Cottenot, at Marseilles, on February 2nd; and the third by Prof. Peters, at Hamilton College, Clinton, U. S. A., on the 6th. Unless it turns out on further investigation that one or more of these is an older one re-discovered, the three will reckon as Nos. 180, 181, and 182. Prof. Peters independently discovered M. Cottenot's (No. 181) on the 4th inst.





[THE PLOTTER UNMASKED.]

## THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time—  
You needs must play such pranks as these.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

WHEN Stanley Hope and Augusta Fairleigh had been entangled in a misunderstanding by a few spiteful words, uttered intentionally to exasperate him, by a jealous and unscrupulous girl, with a few others maladroitly put in by a foolish old woman, who thought herself a deep schemer without being a schemer at all, he did not immediately carry out his intention of going down to Mountcastle Court. No, he would pay a visit to his chambers in Lyon's Inn.

Thither, therefore, he went, looking in at the porter's lodge.

"You know the names of all the people here, Latimer?" he asked.

The man did know.

"There was an odd thing happened, the other evening. A young lady was brought here by mistake, in a carriage, and a man wearing a black cockade annoyed her. Is there any tenant of the chambers who has a servant in half livery?"

"No, sir, but there is a lawyer—a nice one, he is, whose clerk sometimes dresses like one. It's my opinion that they have some scheme between them. His name is Maxwell, No. 2, second floor."

Thanking the porter, Stanley Hope ascended to his own rooms.

He was speedily lost in a perplexity of meditations.

"Clearly," he thought, "there is some rascaldom afloat, which I ought, for my darling's sake, to protect her against. But how? Most likely, it is her fortune some schemer is aiming at. Then, how am I to interfere without appearing in the matter? And what would she think if she heard that I had been making inquiries about her inheritance? Why, it would make her despise me more than ever. Still, I'll see this man."

In a moment, he was knocking at the lawyer's outer door.

It was opened by a clerk. Stanley Hope scanned him scrutinisingly.

In point of height and general size, he certainly resembled the man whose ruffianism he had prevented on that first occasion of his personal introduction to Augusta Fairleigh.

In another minute, he was engaged in conversation with the lawyer.

"My business," he said, "has reference to an estate which, I am told, is for sale in a beautiful part of Yorkshire, near the old mansion of Norman Chase. Do you happen to know it?"

"Perfectly well," replied Mr. Maxwell.

This, it is hardly necessary to state, was the worthy whom we have already heard in colloquy with Mr. Mathew Drake, on the subject of the two heiresses and their fortunes.

"Rather unpleasantly celebrated," he added, "for a murder, the perpetrator of which has never been brought to justice."

"A most mysterious affair," said his visitor. "By the way, is there not, at a little distance, a place called Fairleigh Manor?"

It would be difficult to say whether the younger or the elder man reddened most at this question.

"Yes; belongs to a young lady, slightly eccentric, but immensely rich, and now, in what way can I serve you—in respect of the young lady, or the young lady's inheritance, or—"

"I told you," interrupted Stanley, angrily, "in respect to an unsold property, down there."

"Quite so, I am at your service. But I

thought it as well to mention that both Miss Fairleigh and her fortune are engaged. Favour me with your name and address."

The young officer gave them.

"Are you Miss Fairleigh's solicitor?" he asked.

"Yes; no; that is, I have had, this very morning, some most extraordinary instructions in her name. I was in the confidence of her relative."

Augusta Fairleigh sat in her pretty morning room, surrounded by the daintiest luxury. Far as she could see, the land was her own, and all the people on it were, more or less, subject to her influence.

Yet she gazed listlessly upon her beautiful domain, and had obviously been in tears.

"Wealth," she was thinking, "is often a blessing. Yet it often brings unhappiness. Just when he had told me of his love, the falsehood came out of the bargain that had been planned—for me to buy a coronet, for him to sell one. It is a humiliation. I wish the Will had been kept a secret."

There was a tap at the door, and a maid-servant entered, with a card: "Mr. Maxwell, of the firm of Maxwell, Weatherby, and Weatherby, of Lyon's Inn, London."

"On private business."

Lyon's Inn! She had heard the name before, but, for the life of her, could not remember where, or how.

It is needless, perhaps, to say that Mr. Maxwell, in his own person, constituted the entire firm. Weatherby and Weatherby were fictions.

The young girl felt an indefinable uneasiness; but what had she to fear? In her own house, surrounded by her own servants, she might feel absolutely safe.

"Show Mr. Maxwell into the library," she said, following immediately afterwards.

It was a habit of hers never to be personally attended upon by men servants, which old Lady

Kennett thought evinced some disparagement of the grandeur of Fairleigh Manor.

The lawyer was standing when she entered, and introduced himself with perfect ease. Augusta, bowing to the mention of her name, invited him to a seat. He at once explained himself.

It had come to his knowledge, he said, that a certain part of the Fairleigh domain, known as Fairleigh Woods, was in the market, and a client of his was desirous of becoming, if possible, a purchaser. He would not trouble her with details. A line to her land-steward would be enough.

She looked at him, as if in surprise.

"Fairleigh Woods?"

"Yes; that is not in the entail."

"There is no entail. We are not 'Conqueror' people, you know, Mr. Maxwell," she said, laughing. This domain has not belonged, for half a generation, to the proud house of Fairleigh. Now, my neighbours, Sir Norman and Miss Evelyn Hedley, would think it almost a sacrilege to sell an acre of their lands. But where did you get your information? Ah, yes, I remember," she went on, as if with a sudden afterthought, "the Woods are to be sold."

"It is a pity, if I may venture to say so, my dear Miss Fairleigh," assuming that fatherliness of manner which is so often used as a cloak.

"So it is, Mr. Maxwell, but," said the young girl, "the reason is a good one. I want the money!"

The lawyer threw himself back in the chair, as if aghast. What! The lady of Fairleigh Manor, reputed the wealthiest heiress of the county, already reduced to sell one among the choicest parts of her inheritance! The extravagance of half a century could hardly have accounted for it.

"My dear sir," she continued, "people always do exaggerate in these matters. My fortune was not nearly so great as they imagined. Besides, I am an awful spendthrift."

But he knew better.

He knew to a penny what she had inherited not a year ago.

We, too, know what the schemes of this gentleman were, and he thought she was bantering him.

Recovering his senses—for once overthrown—he asked, at length:

"Then Fairleigh Woods are to be sold?"

"At a good price," she answered with an air of business.

For a notable idea had entered into her mind—a mind made foolish, he it remembered, by excess of love.

"Your card, Miss Fairleigh, will be sufficient introduction to your agent," said Mr. Maxwell, rising. "The result, of course, will be for your decision."

His sight was sweeping the broad lands around, which, by intrigue, he hoped to render his own.

And forgetting all about the card, he was bowing himself out.

"But you have forgotten two things, sir," said Augusta, amused at his puzzled appearance.

"I beg pardon. Pray—"

"First of all, the card," she replied, holding it out to him.

"A thousand thanks! And the other?"

"The name of your client?"

"Bless my soul! I had, indeed, forgotten that!"

"Well, and what is it?" she asked, still unable to understand the confusion of his manner.

"Captain the Hon. Stanley Hope, sometimes called Lord Stanley Hope."

"Good-morning, sir," said Augusta Fairleigh.

Then, when he was gone, she sank into a chair, saying to herself:

"What is this? An insult. Ah, now I remember where I heard of Lyon's Inn. Stanley Hope, are you playing for my fortune? You shall see what happens to it? Yes, come here; be my neighbour. Woo me for my riches,

and then I can tell you that I am a bankrupt and a beggar!"

Augusta rang the bell.

"Has that gentleman gone?" she asked of the servant who appeared in answer to the summons.

"He will return, he said, miss, in half an hour."

When he did come, Augusta said:

"Mr. Maxwell, I myself forgot one thing. Should your client determine upon the purchase of Fairleigh Woods, it is understood that he pays me the moment that the property changes hands. That is, pays it into my bankers."

The lawyer once more went his way; not at once, however, back to London or Lyon's Inn.

To Norman Chase, rather—but not to the mansion itself.

For he was met in the Park Lodge by the apparently inevitable Mr. Mathew Drake, to whom he related such part of the story as he deemed it prudent to disclose.

"But how will this help you?" asked Mathew.

"I will lend Captain Stanley Hope the money."

"And then?"

"We shall see. And you?"

"I shall have Miss Evelyn at my feet before three nights are over. These abductions, I tell you, are useless. But I wish I was sure of who is wandering about the old house at night."

"I can tell you—Evelyn and her father, and it is you they are watching."

"Impossible."

"I know it. Mathew Drake, Evelyn Hedley has made sure of you, in more ways than one. She has heard your confession and seen you—morse. I wish I were as near to the halo of Augusta Fairleigh as you are to the punishment prepared for you by the daughter of your dead patron!"

"My dead patron! Are you mad?"

"No; but Miss Evelyn Hedley has a genius for interpreting secrets."

## CHAPTER XX.

I'll snare her with bitter words.

AS YOU LIVE IT.

"THEN he is not poor," reflected Miss Fairleigh, "or he could not pay fourteen thousand pounds for the Fairleigh Woods. What will he do when he comes here?"

He came.

There was a little lodge attached to the parcel of land thus sold, and in it Captain the Honourable Stanley Hope took up at least his temporary residence.

Was it in order to be near her?

Or was it to bring her pride of riches down to the very dust?

The purchase-money was paid into a bank at Baronbury.

The new tenant was exemplary in all his ways.

A modest household, a simple mode of life, appeared to satisfy him.

He seemed a man who did not think that galloping, with the hounds in front, after a miserable creature with no means of self-defence except swiftness of flight, the crowning accomplishment of an English gentleman.

In fact he assumed no air whatever as of a master.

Nobody would have taken him for one.

"I cannot make this out," thought Miss Fairleigh. "I have not, in the world, a friend to consult. Yes, I have—Evelyn."

With this fond and fortunate remembrance in her heart, Augusta called her maid, and inquired whether any news had lately been heard of persons or proceedings at Norman Chase.

The poor Abigail had a great deal to say, but nothing to tell.

The baronet, it was rumoured, had returned. So had Miss Evelyn.

That butler, as she styled Mr. Mathew Drake, was about, in and out of the place, and, once more, something dreadful had happened.

This was all the information that the girl

bewildered by varying reports, pretended to give.

"I will go there myself," was the determination—once fixed never altered—of this gallant young girl, more direct in her way, and less brooding in her spirit than Evelyn Hedley.

She carried out her resolve, and awaited, with a trembling at the heart, her reception by the lady of Norman Chase.

Evelyn appeared, composed, grave, and lovely; but the welcome was not warm.

"Evelyn!" cried the young heiress of Fairleigh, "I insulted you that night. Forgive me. I have repented of what I said. So has Herbert."

"What did you mean?"

"That you had accused your father."

"And what do you mean now?"

"That I have heard it repeated."

Then she told of all that had happened.

"It was not of this that you came to talk to me," said Evelyn, with some impatience.

So Augusta opened the story of her little, soon-interrupted, love-passage with Stanley Hope, the heir of Mountcastle.

"What do you think?" she concluded, in the old, confiding way.

"That he is honourable, but a dupe."

"And of me?"

"You are not worthy of his love, because you believe in his treachery!"

"Then do you fancy there was no reason for this estrangement?"

"I fancy nothing. I know that Stanley Hope never wooed you for your wealth; that you never cared for his coronet; and that between you two silly ones there lies open but a single gulf."

"And that——"

"Is Constance."

"But why?"

"Because she loves him, and would do anything short of poisoning you to get you out of his way."

There was still the same cold, heartless, caustic tone in her manner of speaking, which galled Augusta to the quick. She passionately asked:

"You seem to understand all this, Evelyn. Tell me, then, why have you forfeited the respect of Herbert Leacholme? Why have you given yourself up to that reptile, Mathew Drake? Is it because he possesses your great, your miserable secret?"

Not a feature of our proud Evelyn's face—not an inflection of her voice, was affected by this girlish tirade. She only answered:

"Miss Fairleigh, you came, in part, to ask my forgiveness of an insult, and, in part, to seek my counsel. My forgiveness you have. As to my advice, it is that you never again cross my dark and doubtful path. It is not hospitable, but I am waiting for you to go. For the insult you have now uttered I forgive you also."

"Not even Evelyn, then," sobbed Miss Fairleigh, in the solitude of her own room, when she had returned home. "I shall go mad, or become wicked. Perhaps I am both already. At any rate, I shall write to Mr. Maxwell."

That writing resulted in a correspondence, the effect of which was that placards appeared all over Fairleigh Manor, announcing for sale the whole of that choice and delightful property, &c.

Infinitesimal wonder. Indescribable the scandal.

What had the young heiress of Fairleigh done with her fortune?

All the proprietors in the county, whose domains adjoined the estate, were eager to bid.

They were disappointed.

Twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the sale, the vast estate changed hands, by private contract, without a single stroke of the hammer.

"And now, Mr. Maxwell," she said, addressing the lawyer, "that I am a nobody, with nothing except money to depend upon, tell me, who is this secret buyer who comes into my place?"



"You really wish to know, Miss Fairleigh?"

"Of course I do."

"Captain Stanley Hope. You are, of course, aware that you can, at any moment, become, once more, the mistress of Fairleigh?"

"You can leave me, sir," she replied, steadily. "I have no relations with Mr. Hope, such as you surmise."

"I was not speaking of him."

"Of whom?"

"Of myself. Dear Augusta Fairleigh, he is no more master here than you are mistress. He is beggared by his bonds to me, and you—you are blind, not to have seen how I honour—how I respect—how, indeed, I love you, Augusta Fairleigh."

Speechless with astonishment, pale with indignation, she suffered the man to make his avowal.

We know what our Evelyn would have done. Augusta Fairleigh did nothing of the kind. She simply rang the bell, ordered her ugly visitor out of the room, and said:

"I discharge you, sir, this moment, from my service. You have forgotten that you are but an agent in my pay."

Were these two girls, then—this Evelyn and this Augusta—thus doomed to the same fate—to be estranged from each other and their friends, each self-abandoning the love and hope of her heart—both wandering as in a mist, with no light upon their diverging paths?

Each the heiress of a fortune, each the object of a plot, mutually separated, and yet as if with an interwoven link between.

There were now no tenants of Norman Chase, Evelyn and her old nurse excepted.

All the servants were gone, and it appeared to them that the baronet himself had ceased his nocturnal visits.

The evil countenance of Mathew Drake, indeed, was visible from time to time, as though he was still upon the search for an undiscoverable something essential to his schemes, but he came and went with equal stealth, always evidently disappointed.

"What have we done?" said Evelyn, one night, to her faithful attendant. "We have made sure of Mr. Mathew Drake and his forgeries. We know, too, that he is a robber. The lockets and the coin connect him, again, with some secret passage in the life of Henry Mainwaring. But these little keys! They are what he is looking for, I think. And that other—that awful thing—that—"

"Hush, child! He is here again, and there is someone with him. Surely not Sir Norman?"

Two voices, in fact, were audible, in angry disagreement coming up the corridor, passing in front of Evelyn's apartments.

"I tell you," exclaimed one, loudly, "I am not to be frightened by your cowardly stories. We must settle this affair at once. Why, my very life hangs on it. How long do you suppose the business of the Fairleigh estates can be kept?"

"Well, what do you advise?"

The speakers were Drake and Maxwell.

"Besides," Maxwell went on, "you said that in three days you would have the girl at your feet."

The two worthies passed out of hearing. But the following morning it had become evident that some extraordinary proceedings were in progress.

The shuttered windows were all thrown open. A number of persons were about. All whispering had ceased.

The steward, so to call him still, went in and out of the various rooms with an air of authority.

"Are you afraid of that man, Martha?" said Evelyn.

"Not I, in daylight, with other people about," answered the woman. "But at night—"

"He might murder you as he murdered my father's guest."

"You think that? At last you think it?"

"I am sure of it."

"Now may you be blessed for the rest of your

life, dear child," sobbed the old nurse, folding the young girl in her arms; "and never will I think anything different again! Never! And yet—"

"And yet what, Martha?"

"Why was Sir Norman in Mr. Mainwaring's room"—nobody ever thought of calling it anything but "Mr. Mainwaring's room"—"that night?"

It was a cruel, though an unintended blow. It brought back upon the soul of Evelyn Hedley all its dreadful doubts, which she had hoped were laid for ever.

"But go," she said, "tell Mathew Drake that he is wanted in the Yellow Room. Say no more."

Evelyn Hedley was once again, in spirit and manner, the mistress of Norman Chase.

The steward came, wondering at the call. Who could possibly want him?

He entered the chamber, and stood, as if petrified, in presence of its beautiful occupant.

Evelyn leaned back in an easy chair placed by the rose and myrtle-breathing window.

Her white morning costume harmonised with the brilliance of her complexion and the Austrian lustre of her hair.

"Mathew," she said, slowly raising her eyes, and encountering his with steady haughtiness, "I sent for you to know upon what authority you are giving orders at Norman Chase in my father's absence?"

He stood and stammered, and seemed, as he was, utterly abashed.

This man of brass could even blush before the pure dignity of that young girl whom he had insulted and injured.

Mathew Drake was not a person to be long in recovering himself.

"Sir Norman is about to return, Miss Evelyn," he said, all his old flunkeyism reviving. "His absence has been unavoidably prolonged."

"Sir Norman was here three nights ago," she sternly answered. "And he is not about returning."

He started, with genuine amazement.

"Here! When? Miss Evelyn, you astonish me!"

"He was here, Mathew Drake, on the night of your visit to that room."

"When?"

He was very pale, but very collected.

"When you saw the ghost of the dead?"

There were some moments of the deepest silence now between these two.

Then Mathew Drake, by a huge effort, recovered his self-control, and spoke in a perfectly natural tone, though his face was ghastly pale.

"What Sir Norman's purpose may have been in secretly coming here, Miss Hedley, or why he should absent himself at all, I know not; but I am still his confidential agent, and his instructions are that a fresh inquisition should be made, in this house, for the Will of the late Henry Mainwaring. You best understand why he should be miserable until he has relieved himself from the suspicion of which, rightly or wrongly, he considers you to have been the cause."

She restrained herself. The moment had not yet come for tearing the mask from the man's face.

Martha Page had been present only during a part of the interview. She now came back.

"There is luncheon ready in the Blue Breakfast Room," she said, "will you not go, dear miss?"

"Pardon me, Miss Page, but I hardly think Miss Hedley will care to sit down with a rough old lawyer, and the two or three professional people he will bring with him," interposed Mathew Drake.

"Whose guests are they, sir?" Evelyn asked, haughtily, passing out of the room, without another word.

They found, not an ordinary luncheon, but a most rare and delicious feast prepared, with wines of a vintage so costly that Sir Norman himself had been somewhat sparing of it.

Evelyn saw this with indignation, and also that the repast was prepared with accessories of her father's richest silver and gold.

Just then the great lion's head knocker at the door of the Norman hall sent its thundering summons through the building.

"See who it is," said Evelyn, to a man in livery.

"Mr. Maxwell, from London," he reported, returning, "with five friends. To see Mr. Drake."

"Tell them to go round and come in by the back entrance. And see that they have refreshments in the housekeeper's room. Come, Martha, this seems very nice. Sit down, and we will enjoy ourselves. Mathew, do nothing until we have finished. I will direct the search myself, though I am tired of these searches in the dark. First, fetch me the keys of my father's wine-cellar."

Mathew Drake could have foamed with passion. The little banquet at which he had intended to preside with all the ostentation of a master, appropriated by others; his guests sent round to a kitchen door; the cellars locked against him; and all his grand boastings to his lawyer confederate brought to shame—it was galling, maddening, goading him to a vengeance which he did not yet dare attempt.

There was not much reality in Evelyn's profession of zest for the little feast thus unexpectedly spread before her; but she was a natural girl, with no Byronicism about her.

Presently, however, the investigation commenced.

The strangers appeared ill-at-ease, but Evelyn took not the slightest notice of them.

"No one enters my rooms!" she said to Mathew Drake. "You may make yet another examination of Mr. Mainwaring's, if you please."

What was she doing? thought the livid-faced man to himself.

Was she playing at suspicion? Or had a gleam of light, reddened with blood, broken upon her mind?

"It will be in the older parts of the mansion that we may, perhaps, find what we are looking for," he replied.

He led the way, with apparent indirectness, opening all kinds of receptacles, pulling out papers, tapping walls, as if expecting secret panels to fly back, and going through a pantomime which excited the contempt of at least two among those who were looking on, and reaching at length the chapel-like room where Evelyn and her nurse had seen him so curiously occupied.

Evelyn noticed that the stone in the pavement over the grave-like hollow was perfectly level with the rest.

A more practised eye would have observed that the crevices had been filled in with cement, and dusted over.

There was not the slightest trace of disturbance.

"What is in those chests?" she asked.

"Nothing, I think, Miss Hedley," said Mathew, whose blood was very near boiling point, by this time, "except old leases; and so forth. However, we may as well see."

Coffer after coffer was searched, but it seemed as if the men were careful, for a considerable time, not to come at what they wanted.

But at length, both Mathew and Maxwell uttered a simultaneous cry.

"The Last Will and Testament of Henry Mainwaring, etc., etc."

"With your permission, Miss Hedley," said Drake, "we will adjourn to the library, where my friend, Mr. Maxwell—Mr. Maxwell, of Lyon's Inn—Miss Hedley—of Norman Chase—will read this document in proper form."

He could hardly conceal his exultation.

Five minutes more, and the vast inheritance of Evelyn Hedley, under the Mainwaring Will, would pass irrevocably away from her, unless she consented to unite herself with him.

Ruin to her father, ruin to herself, would be the inevitable consequence, for he well knew by what tenure the domain of Norman Chase was held.

He pretended to take a covert glance at the contents.

"From what I can see at a mere glance," he said to her, as they all entered the room, "I believe I may congratulate Miss Hedley upon inheriting the wealth of the late Mr. Mainwaring."

"Your congratulations are nothing to me, sir," she answered, sweeping by. "Mr. Maxwell, will you take possession of that paper? Mr. Drake has no business with it."

Mathew softly rubbed his hands together. His turn was coming now.

How he inwardly crowed as the long list was read of the properties and investments constituting the great Mainwaring inheritance.

All to be Evelyn's, if Evelyn would marry him. If not, his unconditionally.

But it must be said that the idea of possessing her added an intense zest to his assured prospect of wealth.

The lawyer read on monotonously, until he reached the words:

"For the love I have borne for the said Evelyn, from her childhood."

Mathew looked perplexed. He was very pale. The crisis of his daring project had arrived. Mr. Maxwell stopped reading.

"Go on!" cried Drake, forgetting himself in the excitement and impatience of the moment.

"That is all," said the lawyer, quietly, though a smile flickered upon his thin lips.

"What—no codicil? No conditions?" gasped the infuriate schemer.

"None whatever—not another line; not another scrap."

Utterly frantic now, Drake sprang towards the table; but Evelyn had calmly possessed herself of the parchments, and was holding them behind her back.

Mathew, in his first violence, had to be forcibly restrained.

The young girl waited until, exhausted, he sank into a chair. Then she stood before him and said:

"No, sir, Evelyn Hedley is not bound, in her inheritance of this fortune, by the conditions Mr. Mathew Drake would have imposed upon her. You may explore an old grave, but you will find it empty. Except, indeed, that it may contain a certain piece of rope."

She was turning away when he leaped to his feet; his face was horrible to see, so white was it and so distorted. His voice, too, was totally changed.

Indeed, he gnashed rather than pronounced the words, gesticulating furiously at the same time:

"Very well. So you think, young lady, I am beaten. Suppose I now prove that you are not Evelyn Hedley at all!"

(To be Continued.)

#### EVENINGS AT HOME.

THE long evenings which follow the short days are made, in some families, the happiest of all happy times. The cares of the day are ended; the mother's resting time has come; the father has dropped all sorts of business worries and perplexities, and the whole family throw themselves with zest into the innocent pleasures of the home circle.

Solomon tells us that there is a time for all things; a time to weep, a time to laugh, to dance and to play. Surely the time to laugh, play and dance comes most appropriately in the long, pleasant evening hours.

It is well for the women of the household to remember that the pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in forbidden places; for relaxation and recreation will be indulged in somehow by most men, and happy are they who find in the home circle the diversion they need.

A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practised, will furnish pastime that will make

an evening pass pleasantly. A little forethought during the day, a little pulling of wires that need not appear, will make the whole thing easy, and different ways and means may be provided for making the evening hours pass pleasantly, and a time to be looked forward to with pleasant anticipations.

We visited once in a large family, where it was the duty of each sister in turn to provide the evening's occupation; and there was a pleasant rivalry between them as to whose evening should be the most enjoyable. The brothers entered fully into the spirit of the simple home entertainments, and were as loth to be obliged to spend an evening away from home as their sisters and parents were sorry to have them absent. Everyone spoke of this family as an uncommonly united one, for every member showed such a strong attachment for the home to which each one contributed so much pleasure.

#### LEARN TO THINK.

Now young folks, I daresay you number among your acquaintances some heedless people who are for ever floundering, forgetting and making mistakes, who are always very sorry after doing some silly or thoughtless act, but who lay all the blame of it on "I didn't think," and consider that settles it. But that is just where all the trouble lies; if they had not got a thinker, as I know a very little boy who so defines his mind (and a very good definition it is too, as a bright child's meaning of these is apt to be) it would be different. But they have machinery specially adapted to this purpose, yet won't use it because it takes a little trouble, and they want somebody else to do their thinking for them.

Don't follow their example; do your own thinking. Throw over "didn't think." He is a bad fellow to have anything to do with, and will be sure to make trouble for you before long. If you want to amount to anything in this world—and I'm sure you do—you must work; and to work effectively, one must think. See to it, then, that you begin at once.

### THE INVISIBLE COMMODORE; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE MILL.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A GROAN resounded in darkness and silence. Then a voice became audible.

"That was quite a tumble," the voice was ejaculating; "yes, a considerable tumble."

The speaker was Tom Skeritt, the sailor who had come to the island of Barbadoes in search of his old master, and who had received the terrible treatment related in a former chapter.

Tom had gathered himself into a sitting posture at the foot of the tremendous cliff, down which he had been plunged so unexpectedly. How long he had lain insensible he had no means of knowing.

A large load of bushes and branches were under him, he having brought them down in his fall.

It was to these bushes and branches, in fact, that he owed his preservation from instant destruction.

The first bush at which he had caught in his desperation had drawn him close to the face of the precipice.

Analmost constant succession of similar bushes had broken his descent.

Then, too, the bushes and branches he had carried down with him had afforded him the greatest assistance.

And, finally, he had landed in the dense top

of one of the most bushy trees known to the island.

The result of all these favouring circumstances was that Tom, instead of being killed outright, was only rendered insensible, and very severely bruised, no bones being actually broken.

He was none the less a spectacle to behold at the moment of recovering his consciousness. There were numerous severe cuts in his scalp, and his whole body was severely bruised from his head to his feet.

A severe sprain in one of his ankles almost rendered it impossible for him to regain his footing by his first efforts in that direction.

"And to think of that cut-throat playing such a trick upon me," growled the honest mariner, in a voice full of concentrated indignation. "What sort of a land-shark can he be to give me such a reception? He, of course, intended to kill me! No man tumbled his mate down such a rock as this for his mere amusement!"

The sailor looked up at the heights from which he had descended so unceremoniously. The edge of the precipice was clearly and sharply revealed against the star-lit sky. As accustomed as he was to giddy distances Tom's head reeled at the glimpses afforded him of his surroundings.

"It's worse than the fall I had aboard the old 'Charter,' when I brought up in blue water!" he muttered. "I'll never complain of my luck hereafter. There was not one chance in a hundred!"

He stirred himself, feebly endeavouring to drag himself from the spot.

He readily assured himself that a wild scene of rocks and bushes was around him.

At first he even had difficulty in preventing himself from getting further falls and bruises and scratches, as he began making his way from the scene of his disaster.

But the starlight became stronger as the density of the bushes lessened.

His strength increased, too, with his every exertion, and every new effort he made cost him less pain than the effort preceding.

In fact, he was soon in a fair way of delivering himself from the sort of pit into which he had fallen.

"It might be worse," he reflected, feeling of himself, as he halted to rest. "I'm as shaken as a sail blown out of the bolt-ropes! Don't hardly know yet whether I'm a man or a ghost. Let me see—those pistols are safe and ready for business, if that black-muzzled assassin should come back to finish me. Sorry that bottle is broken. A nip of brandy would help me greatly."

For a time he seemed to take no particular note of his course, being intent only on leaving the vicinity where he had so narrowly missed destruction.

But at his second or third pause for rest his thoughts began to resume their wonted clearness.

"I must find that path," he muttered—"that path by which I went up to the cliffs from the shore. Let's see—the cliffs bore south by west. The rocks yonder must run in an east and west direction. That path cannot be far to the westward. Now for it."

The effort he now made was long and resolute. A good share of his wonted strength had returned to him. His head had become as clear as active.

He was too busy with his reflections to feel the full force of his pains and fatigues. Thus he went on, climbing over rocks and fallen trees, and pressing through dense thickets.

Gradually, to his great joy and encouragement, his way became less and less rugged and difficult.

The rocks ceased to be piled in such fantastic profusion. The forest became more open.

And to crown all his rejoicings at these favouring circumstances, he finally attained to the great object of his efforts, and regained the lone path by which he had set out to cross the island to Bridgetown.



"I might go back to the little turtler in which I came from Antigua," he reflected, pausing again to rest. "But the wind has changed, I see. The skipper has doubtless pushed off again. I'd about as soon go on as to take the chances of finding him. I certainly ought to lose no time in reaching town, if any good is to come of my report of what has happened to me. That assassin ought to be caught, and he shall be, if there is law in Barbadoes. I'll climb the cliff again. At the very worst I can find some shelter or assistance between here and town."

He toiled on for a long time in silence. On finding himself again at the top of the cliff, however, he could not refrain from an audible expression of his satisfaction.

"That old mill can't be far out of my way," he thought. "Even if the Deputy Governor is not there, I need not hesitate to stop, as there is an old woman in charge of the place, if what the old fisherman at Conset Bay told me is true. I ought to have a lantern or a guide. I shall catch a fearful fall, likely as not, in some of these gullies. All for all, I had better call and ask the advice and assistance of the old woman in question. The distance can't be great, and I've only to take the route I took before."

He went on warily, but with an energy which showed that he meant to get out of his awkward predicament as soon as possible.

The barking of a hound suddenly fell upon his hearing.

"That must be at the old mill," he ejaculated. "The beast must scent me already—and no wonder! I'm covered with blood!"

The barking continued at intervals.

Partially guided by it, and partially by happy accident, the sailor drew near the premises.

The barking then became so terrific that he grasped one of his pistols and held it in readiness to protect himself.

But the outcry ceased abruptly at that juncture, and on reaching the house he found himself confronting only the old negress, although the muffled thunder of her dogs arose from the depths of her cellar.

"I'm lost, my good woman," announced Tom, panting for breath.

"Come in, then!"

The brief invitation was delivered in no very attractive tone of voice, but Tom did not hesitate to accept it.

The old negress looked scared as she surveyed, by the light of her solitary candle, the spectacle the visitor presented.

"I—I have had a fall in the woods, ma'am," said Tom, hesitating as to the degree of confidence he ought to accord to the strange-looking hostess.

"No excuses are necessary, sir," returned the negress. "Please be seated. I shall be glad to relieve you."

She hastened to bring water and other materials, and set about binding up the wounds of her distressed visitor.

"This is Major Clyde's place?" he said, when the proceedings of his hostess had placed him at his ease.

The woman nodded assent.

"He's not here now, I suppose?"

"No, sir; he's gone back to town."

"He's my old master," observed Tom, becoming more and more confidential. "I was with him eight years; and I have come here to ask him to give me my old place again."

The negress looked relieved. Her manner became decidedly gracious.

"You had better remain here to-night," she said.

"Thank you, I shall be only too glad to," replied Tom.

On his way upstairs Tom could hear the deep baying of the imprisoned hounds.

The old negress proceeded to the cellar to feed and pacify the dogs, and in an interval of silence Tom was startled by a human voice calling loudly for help.

The old negress returned and listened intently.

"Another lost traveller," suggested Tom.

"Yes. I'll give you a lantern, and you'd better go and find him!"

The sailor assented. The moment the lantern was placed in his hand he hurried from the dwelling.

Guided by the voice of the unknown, he made his way down the path leading to the eastern shore.

Midway in one of the steepest and most dangerous descents, he found the cause of the clamour, which the keen hearing of the dogs had first detected—a man who had missed the path and caught a severe fall, and who did not dare stir from the spot for fear of a worse accident, and who for nearly an hour had been calling at intervals with all the strength of his lungs for the needed assistance and guidance.

"Thank Heaven, I have not called in vain!" exclaimed the stranger, as Tom advanced to his rescue. "I had about made up my mind to pass the night here. I did not dare stir for fear of a worse tumble."

Tom had started violently at the first word of these observations.

"Surely, that is a familiar voice," he muttered.

He hastened to pass nearer.

"This way, sir," he soon called. "Come directly towards me, and you will soon be out of your trouble."

Acting upon these hints, the stranger was speedily extricated, regaining the path from which he had wandered.

But no sooner had Tom fully set his eyes upon him, with the aid of the lantern, than he uttered a cry of the wildest surprise, which was at the same time an exclamation of the most intense delight and rejoicing.

"Why, it's you, Major Clyde!" he exclaimed, gasping for breath. "Oh! my dear old master!"

And the sailor sank upon his knees sobbing for joy, as he caught the hand of the man before him and covered it with kisses.

There was a pause, as of the profoundest astonishment and wonder, and then the object of these excited demonstrations found his voice.

"I know you now, Tom, my old boy," he said, wringing the hand he held, "and heaven knows I am very glad to see you!"

"But how strange you look, Master Harry," said Tom, holding up his lantern. "I should hardly know you. Your hair, your face—how thin and pale you are. Have you been ill, sir?"

"Worse than ill, Tom—a prisoner in the hands of pirates. They captured me three years ago, when I was on my way to Barbadoes, and since that hour they have kept me in a cage, like a wild beast, aboard of one of the pirate vessels."

The sailor looked dumbfounded. It was a minute before he could find his voice again.

"Then who is this man who is figuring here as Deputy Governor?" he finally asked.

"Heaven only knows. Some daring and terrible impostor. I have heard from various sources that such a man has appeared here in my place, and doubtless with my stolen papers, but I have no clue to his identity. For three long years I have been held in the most horrible captivity, Tom, but to-night, after many months of effort, I succeeded in removing my chains, and entered upon a resolute effort to escape, having learned that the pirate schooner was near the island. Very unexpectedly I was favoured in this purpose by a boat that came off from the shore, bringing a visitor. Making my way to the deck in disguise I lowered myself into this boat, and concealed myself partly in the cuddy, and partly under the sail. Upon the return of the visitor to the shore he did not detect my presence. In the first place, it was almost too dark for him to see the length of his boat. In the second place, on reaching the shore he lowered his sail upon me, thus covering me up so completely that he did not notice me as he stepped over me and landed. Then all I had to do was to wait until he had gone away, and land at my leisure. Obtaining a lantern of an old fisherman, I set out to cross

the island—with the result you now know, Tom—having lost both my light and my way by one unlucky stumble. And here I am, Tom, all safe and sound, and very glad to have met you."

Talking excitedly by the way, the couple followed the winding path up the cliff, and took their way to the lone mill and dwelling.

They had agreed upon a line of conduct before arriving, it being decided that they should merely rest an hour or two with the old negress, and then go on to Bridgetown.

The reception of the new-comer was sufficiently fair to the view, but he did not fail to see that the old negress was much exercised in her mind about the strange guests she was sheltering and entertaining. In fact, she took an early occasion to slip unseen from the apartment.

"Master told me to report promptly anything suspicious," she muttered, as she gained the exterior of the house. "These men are suspicious. I'll go and tell him!"

And she vanished in the direction of Bridgetown.

## CHAPTER V.

THE reader now sees the whole situation.

There were two Major Clydes in the field—the real Major Clyde and a daring and unknown impostor.

The real major had been captured on his way to the colony, to take possession of the post to which he had been commissioned, and for three long years he had been held by the pirates in terrible captivity in a cage aboard of one of their vessels.

Meantime an impostor had secured the real major's commission and other papers, and had imposed himself upon the whole colony as Deputy Governor, and even upon the British Government.

We have seen with what a high head this murderous fraud was deporting himself at the Government House—how he was rejoicing at the success of past plots and forming new plots for the future.

We have also seen how the real Major Clyde made his escape from the piratical schooner, gained the island, lost his way under the cliff, and fallen in with his old servant, Tom Skeritt, and proceeded with him to the ruined mill for shelter and refreshment.

Let us now note what further turn these exciting combinations were taking.

It looked indeed as if the false major—as we may as well call him—was destined to have his own way in everything.

Malignant, daring, and remorseless, he paced to and fro in the spacious reception-room of the Government House, with a visage that would have served for a picture of infernal wickedness.

All had gone to his liking.

The three ships convoyed by the "Alliance" had been captured by the pirates.

The "Alliance" herself had barely escaped capture.

The great fraud of the false major was advancing to a complete fruition.

"Yes, I am now the chief of the colony—the supreme representative of British power in the New World," soliloquised the false major. "With such a start as this, what may I not accomplish? To work! to work!"

Dropping into a chair at his desk, he seized a pen, drawing ink and paper toward him.

"The first task at hand is to proclaim my new dignity," he reflected. "I must also announce my staff. It will be well to pay a warm, and graceful tribute to the personal character of my predecessor, even if nothing can be said in favour of his administration, which has been so very unfortunate and unsuccessful, especially in the little matter of cleaning out the pirates. Ha, ha! is it not a jolly farce? This generous tribute to Morrow will smooth not a little the rugged path of my suit for the hand of his

daughter. I must also condole with those who have sustained such great loss," and he glanced at the lists Captain Chuddley, of the "Alliance," had placed on the governor's table. "These are all things and circumstances to be turned to good account in the proclamation!"

He began to write rapidly. The whole situation was so clearly presented to his mind that the document was soon ready.

Calling one of his slaves, he despatched his proclamation to the official in charge of the government printing-office, with orders to produce a proof within thirty minutes.

This was not a difficult task, as many of the soldiers and other public servants had formerly been printers, and were always ready at the slightest hint to step to the case in such an emergency as the present.

This business had been barely dismissed by the new governor, when his hideous familiar, the black dwarf, again appeared, smiling ferociously, in the door-way at the rear of the apartment.

"Him taken to Hole, master," announced the slave, in a whisper.

The "Hole" was evidently some mysterious hiding-place known only to the new governor and his creatures.

The man referred to was of course Lieut. Ackley, who had been taken prisoner by the dwarf, as the reader will remember.

"All right, Quaddo," said the false major. "I'll see to him in due course. You may now go and find Lord Brighton, and tell his lordship I desire to see him at his earliest convenience. Be quick about it."

The slave vanished on the instant. He had scarcely left through the rear door when a dozen persons burst excitedly into the room by the front entrance.

"Is Governor Morrow removed?" cried a voice.

The false major arose, facing the new comer. The questioner was instantly recognised as General Bell, one of the leading men of the island.

"Yes, General Bell," answered the new governor, bowing politely. "Governor Morrow, I am sorry to say, has been removed."

"And you are now governor?"

The false major bowed profoundly.

"Three cheers for his excellency, Major Clyde, the new governor!" proposed the general.

The cheers were given with a will, and repeated again and again.

They were caught up outside, and sent echoing far away into the distance and darkness, while vast crowds poured into the reception-room.

The false major bowed continually, shaking the numerous hands offered him, and responding to a thousand hearty congratulations.

"And the fleet," cried General Bell, as soon as he could find opportunity to place the question—"is it true, your excellency, that the fleet has been captured?"

"Only too true, General," answered the false major, with well simulated pain and regret—"only too true, gentlemen!"

"And are the losses so very terrible?" pursued General Bell, as every voice became hushed with intense anxiety.

"Very terrible indeed, sir," acknowledged the new governor.

"Is my brother among the killed? He was in the fleet, as your excellency may remember!"

"I will see, sir!"

The false major picked up the lists before referred to and glanced them over rapidly; his face constantly growing more and more grave.

"Too bad—too bad!" he answered, with a well-counterfeited groan. "Your brother is among the killed, sir!"

A dozen similar inquiries were made, in the midst of the greatest distress and excitement, and received similar answers.

"A fine comment are these losses on the government we have been having here," exclaimed one of the leading citizens present, as

General Bell retreated in a sorrow too great for utterance. "It is my opinion that Governor Morrow was not removed a minute too soon! His administration could not have been worse if he had been an ally of the pirates!"

This severe criticism met with general approbation on the part of the vast crowd which had now gathered.

Various stinging and abusive remarks were heard from the lips of those who had lost friends or fortune—remarks almost savouring of execration for Governor Morrow.

In the wild sorrow of the hour, some of the best friends of the Morrows refrained from calling upon them, to express even a conventional regret at the governor's removal. Indeed, not one person in ten cared to extend his visit beyond the reception-room, or to bestow a word upon anyone save the new governor.

He was visibly the rising star of the colony, and the greetings and congratulations showered upon him had a warmth that could have been best measured by the scorn, and disdain, and neglect—not to speak of worse sentiments—with which Governor Morrow, who was left almost alone in his library, was now regarded by his late friends and constituents.

(To be Continued.)

A NEW mansion is in course of erection at Bagshot Park, Surrey, for his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. The old house, once the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, stood in a low situation, and having become dilapidated has recently been pulled down. The site selected for the new structure is considerably more elevated and commands an extensive and beautiful view. The house now building is in the Tudor style, which has been preferred to the Lombardo-Gothic; the materials are red brick and Portland stone. The plan is formed so as to admit of future additions when required.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—Do not offend your weak brother. How many great men have testified that their whole lives have been influenced by some single remark made to them in their boyhood. And who cannot recall words spoken to himself in his childhood, to which, perhaps, the speaker attached no importance, but which sunk deep and immovably into his memory, and which have never lost their power over him? Make sunlight! The world at best is dark enough. Do what you can to make it more cheerful and happy.

## SINNED AGAINST: NOT SINNING.

### CHAPTER LII.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

CONGRUITY.

As a rule, doctors are men whose powers of observation are more highly cultivated than the majority of men in the other professions. So much may depend upon inflection of speech, upon the thousand subtle signs upon the countenance, which are indicative of what is passing within.

To be a thorough master of his profession, a doctor must be observant, and have a steady hand, and a cool, cautious brain.

Far be it from us to cast any slur upon the professional reputation of our esteemed friend, Doctor Gordon.

For many a year had he laboured skilfully and kindly amongst the population in Pendleton parish.

He had brought many of them into this world, and he had seen many of them pass from it into the next.

In his way, as a general practitioner, he was a man of superior attainments, but he lacked

just two essentials, namely: acute observation and refined discretion, for which there is no other name but "tact."

Yes, Doctor Gordon assuredly lacked this important qualification, for no sooner did Leopold Ormiston make the remark recorded in the foregoing chapter, than the indiscreet doctor exclaimed:

"My dear boy! Then that accounts for Miss Warner having written this book in cipher. I suppose she learnt it from the same person," and as he spoke the doctor produced the book from his pocket.

"May I ask how it came into your possession, doctor?"

The questioner was Leopold Ormiston.

The doctor briefly related the circumstances under which he had judged it advisable to take charge of the book.

"For I understand," he concluded, "from one of the servants at the rectory, that Miss Warner seemed to place considerable value upon this particular volume; therefore I considered it best to take care of it until her aunt and uncle arrive."

"Quite right, doctor. I am very glad you did," said Leopold Ormiston, coolly; "it may be an additional help to us."

"How? How? What do you mean?" exclaimed Doctor Gordon, looking on in bewilderment whilst Leopold Ormiston quietly laid the book on one side. "I cannot let it out of my possession, you know."

"All right, doctor"—and Leopold Ormiston smiled—"we'll fight fair for it, if you like, but oblige me by letting the book remain upon the table here until we have taken down whatever our friends here have got to say."

Much bewildered and perturbed in his mind, the doctor consented to Leopold Ormiston's strange request, and the book remained on the table by his side, whilst he rapidly wrote down whatever each person said.

"Mrs. Oliphant," suggested Leopold Ormiston, "had you not better open the proceedings?"

"Just as you like," was the weary reply. "I am so sick of life, that were it not that I am anxious to have a crime punished, I should be content to let matters remain in their present state."

"Heaven always defends the right, although we cannot always see it, nor understand His ways of working. We now see through a glass darkly," said Mr. Vincent, reverently. "All these strange complications which have ensued, and in which you have been but a passive agent, are doubtless for some wise purpose, and you would be wrong to try to hide any jot or tittle of the whole affair; it ought to be brought to light, if only for the purpose of serving as a warning to others."

"No doubt you are right," she replied; "so now, Mr. Ormiston, if you are ready, I shall begin."

Muriel Oliphant told the story the reader already knows, whilst Doctor Gordon listened spell-bound with horror and astonishment.

When Muriel mentioned the circumstance of Ulrica throwing her over the quarry cliff, the amazed man exclaimed, impulsively:

"By Jove!"

"Yes, doctor?" from Leopold Ormiston.

"I see it all now."

"See what?"

"Why, I now understand what Miss Warner was raving about, when she said 'she' was falling over the cliff."

"I think we shall make the whole plot fit in as nicely as a Chinese puzzle," replied Leopold Ormiston, complacently, as he recorded the doctor's words.

Gentle-minded and tender-hearted, Leopold Ormiston was a gentleman in the highest and truest sense of the word.

It was his strong, sterling English sense of justice which urged him to ferret out this nefarious scheme to the very end.

But stronger than this sense of justice, was his love for the beautiful woman he wished to make his wife, and who was to be the chief sufferer did the plot succeed.



Everil Vane was bitterly sinned against, therefore, loving her as he did, Leopold Ormiston's strong desire for revenge upon her enemies must not be taken as an evidence that he was of a harsh and malignant nature.

Margaret Power next made her deposition; she said that Muriel Oliphant had been put into the asylum under the name of Mrs. Smith.

That the woman was perfectly sane, had told her her story; and then, upon Margaret making some secret inquiries, she found Muriel Oliphant's narrative to be perfectly truthful in every particular.

Then Mr. Vincent told his tale, told of Henry Garthside having come for that especial certificate, and of that particular page having been torn out.

The good man acted with a determination few would have expected from him, judging from his customary mild and conciliating demeanour.

He extenuated not a single point, neither did he set down aught in malice; he gave a plain circumstantial statement of Ulrica's conduct, and then showed the piece of paper bearing the copy of the very certificate which Ulrica Warner had plotted and schemed to destroy.

"And so you see," he remarked in conclusion, "how villany defeats its own ends invariably."

Henry Garthside corroborated Mr. Vincent's statements; and then Leopold Ormiston said:

"The crowning point of all our evidence is that I witnessed Miss Warner's endeavours to throw Mrs. Oliphant—we call her Mrs. Oliphant," he added, in parenthesis, "for convenience at present—I witnessed, I say, Miss Warner's endeavours to throw her over the quarry cliff. It was I who rescued her, for she had fallen on a ledge where there were some bramble bushes which broke the fall, and I brought her home here, where she has been ever since."

"Anything more astounding?" exclaimed the doctor, taking snuff, excitedly, "I never heard of in the whole course of my life! Miss Warner is about the last person in the world I would ever have suspected of being mixed up in so nefarious a matter."

"It just shows, doctor," replied Leopold Ormiston, "that the proverb, 'appearances often deceive,' has more truth in it than we are generally inclined to think. Why, a lawyer, a friend of mine, living in a quiet country town, told me of a demure, church-going young woman, whom everyone looked upon as a model of staidness and propriety, having dabbled in medicine, actually advertised a nostrum for something or other, and made money by it. She got into some scrape, and was obliged to come to him for professional advice."

"But Miss Warner, above all people in the world," reiterated the doctor, apparently scarcely able to realise the matter. "It would have broken her poor father's heart," he continued, gravely.

"No doubt," said Leopold Ormiston. "Poor Mr. Warner was the most open-minded man that ever lived. He simply could not have survived the shame and degradation of the exposure, putting aside his grief at the deceit practised by his daughter."

"Heaven would have given him strength," interposed the calm voice of Mr. Vincent. "Pray, Mr. Ormiston," he continued, "will you now inform us what you are about to do with that book of Miss Warner's?"

"I am going to look through it," replied Leopold Ormiston, decidedly. "I shall not ask your permission, doctor, for you might feel in honour bound not to grant it. Something tells me it is not for nothing it has been brought here to-night. I am rather inclined to think there is a purpose in everything, and I have no doubt but that fate had some purpose in sending this book into my hands."

"Say rather Providence, my dear Mr. Ormiston," said Mr. Vincent, correctively and gravely.

"Fate or Providence, or Providence or Fate, I don't in the least care which you call it, so long as it furthers my ends," replied Leopold

Ormiston, "so here goes for an examination of Miss Warner's book."

He opened it as he spoke and looked thoughtfully over the pages.

"I confess this baffles me," he admitted ruefully after a careful examination of the contents. "It is exactly of the same character as the shorthand I write, yet when I come to spell the words, they are no sense at all, merely a collection of meaningless letters."

"Clever young woman!" ejaculated the doctor, whose knowledge of Ulrica Warner's bad conduct had not destroyed his admiration of her intellect.

"All cipher differs more or less," interposed Henry Garthside. "It is very rarely that two people chance upon the same, unless, of course, it is pre-arranged."

"Do you know anything about these things?"

The questioner was Leopold Ormiston, who looked helplessly and keenly at Henry Garthside as he spoke.

"Yes, a little. I have amused myself with dabbling in such things now and again," he replied with the diffidence natural to him when speaking of his own qualifications.

"Then I wish you would look at this, and try if you can in any way solve it."

"I have not the least objection to do so."

Leopold Ormiston took the book over to the sofa, whilst Mr. Vincent held the candle.

The doctor punctiliously held aloof, ostentatiously, although tacitly, avowing he had nothing whatever to do with the contents of the book being discussed.

Henry Garthside carefully scrutinised the cipher.

He was a strange repository of scraps of all kinds of out-of-the-way information; but this cypher evidently puzzled him.

"It is not like any cipher I have ever seen," he said, "and yet, as you say," he continued, addressing Leopold Ormiston, "it has the same character as ordinary shorthand."

"I am afraid we must give up the task in despair," said Leopold Ormiston, ruefully.

"Patience," replied Henry Garthside, opening the book at a fresh place; "we shall take some sentence at random, and try and puzzle it out."

"Here is one," said Leopold Ormiston, "at the foot of the page, and standing all by itself. Now, what do you make of that first long word, Garthside?"

"Egairam," spelt out Henry Garthside, "but that is utter nonsense."

"True," assented Leopold Ormiston, in a doleful tone, "it is nothing but nonsense."

"Stop! Stop!" interposed Doctor Gordon, who, despite his affectation of indifference, had been listening attentively. "Why, my dear friends, that is nothing in the world more nor less than the word 'marriage' spelt backwards!"

#### CHAPTER LIII.

And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

MAZEPPA.

HAVING thus proclaimed his discovery, Doctor Gordon felt unreasonably ashamed of himself for having seemed even to have been listening with any degree of attention to the controversy taking place at the sofa.

"By Jove, doctor!" exclaimed Leopold Ormiston, delightedly, "you are right. There it is—'marriage' and no mistake about it. We'll find it all out in time!"

Henry Garthside, having gotten so much of a clue, was eagerly scanning the remainder of the sentence.

At length he said:

"Mr. Ormiston, I have found the key to this cypher, and this particular sentence reads thus:

"MEM: To go to Brentwood, find out as

many particulars as possible, manage to see the register, and destroy all trace of the marriage."

Mr. Vincent nearly dropped the candle and candlestick in his horrified shame and amazement.

To see this entry in Ulrica's Warner's cipher and in her own book, was such a corroboration of all his suspicions that the good man nearly gasped for breath.

He had, in the course of his quiet country career, met with many and many an instance of depravity, but anything so very glaring as Ulrica Warner's conduct it had never been his lot to meet with.

Gradually sentence after sentence was either fully or partially unravelled.

In utter consternation the assembled company listened, until finally every link in the chain of evidence was supplied.

"Of course you will leave this book with me now, doctor?" said Leopold Ormiston, interrogatively.

The doctor hesitated.

"I think you really ought to do so," interposed Mr. Vincent. "It is really most important that it should be kept in connection with the depositions we have just made. Don't you think so?" he continued, addressing Henry Garthside.

"Decidedly," was the prompt reply.

"You see we are all arrayed against you, doctor," said Leopold Ormiston, still keeping the book in his possession.

"Yes, and I agree with you," replied the doctor, seriously. "Quite agree with you," he reiterated, emphatically. "At the same time I am responsible for the welfare of my patient. Now, it occurs to me that Miss Warner having set such value upon that book, may naturally inquire for it, therefore, if it be necessary for the purpose of calming her nerves to give it to her I shall feel bound to do so."

"You are right in that respect, doctor," said Mr. Vincent.

"I am glad you think so. I am sure you know I would not do anything to defeat the ends of justice, but looking at the matter from a professional point of view, I feel bound to act as I suggest."

Leopold Ormiston did not like to give up possession of the book, but he had most unwillingly to yield to the doctor.

"At all events, let me copy out the chief statements," he suggested.

The doctor agreed, and almost during the whole of that night Leopold Ormiston sat copying out the story of her guilt as recorded by Ulrica Warner.

The sun of the bright early summer's morning streamed in and found him still at work. He was determined to leave no stone unturned to procure the emancipation of the woman he loved; and who was so foolishly sinned against.

He heard the farm-labourers go to their work, he heard the servants at work about the house before he had completed his task.

Then, carefully securing the book from observation, he took it himself to Dr. Gordon's.

Upon the very same morning as Sir Percival Rossmore sat down to his epicurean breakfast, a message was brought to him, that a strange man wished to speak to him at once.

"Who is he?" asked Sir Percival, loftily.

He exacted an almost servile amount of attention and deference from everyone connected with his estate and establishment, and he felt considerably hurt in his dignity to think of anyone sending him so peremptory a message.

"I don't know him, Sir Percival."

"Is he anyone connected with the estate?"

"I think not, Sir Percival, he seems to be quite a stranger."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know, Sir Percival. He has been waiting about the place since very early this morning."

Sir Percival Rossmore had no fear of duns or bailiffs, or he might perhaps have felt somewhat alarmed.

"Find out the man's name, and his business?" he said, in a peremptory tone.

"Yes, Sir Percival."

Presently the servant returned.



[OUT OF HIS POWER.]

"The man's name is Thomas Barker, Sir Percival. He has come to you upon business from Doctor Westby, and declines to tell it to anyone but yourself."

Sir Percival's sluggish blood actually coursed through his veins like lightning. A thought flitted across his mind.

The doctor had surely sent to tell him that his wife was dead!

And now, he could marry the beautiful Everil without any fear of detection.

"Give the man some breakfast," said Sir Percival, "and then send him to me to the library."

That woman—his lawful, wedded, wronged wife—was the bugbear of his existence.

And could it be possible that all things were working together for his benefit, and that just on the threshold of entering into a new existence, the shadow of his life was about to be removed.

Sir Percival Rossmore ate a very meagre breakfast that morning.

He was too much excited. Moreover, he had no letter from his beautiful betrothed, a circumstance which annoyed him.

Tell it not in Gath. But the elderly Sir Percival liked the idea of his servants seeing Everil's letters to him arrive every morning.

Vanity is the leading foible of humanity and, as the bridegroom elect of a young and beautiful girl, Sir Percival Rossmore had risen inestimably in his own estimation since his betrothal to Everil.

"Send the man to the library to me," he said, as he passed through into the hall.

Thomas Barker soon entered Sir Percival's presence.

He was a sensible looking, respectable, middle-aged man, with an expression of shrewdness and decision upon his cleanly-shaven face.

Under ordinary circumstances Sir Percival would not have brooked that a man of the class which the stranger evidently was, should sit down in his presence.

But on the present occasion, so sure did he feel as to what was the man's mission that Sir Percival Rossmore was unusually gracious, and said in his most affable manner, as he waved his hand to an armchair opposite to his own:

"Sit down, Mr. Barker—sit down, pray. Lovely weather we are having now, are we not?"

"Very fine indeed, Sir Percival," replied Mr. Barker, not in the least seeming to be overcome by the great man's condescension.

"Well, Mr. Barker, how is my friend Mr. Westby?"

Sir Percival wanted to lead the conversation up to the main point.

"He is very well, Sir Percival," said Mr. Barker, quietly; "he desires me to say he much regrets the circumstances which have obliged him to communicate with you out of the due quarterly course."

"Nothing wrong, more than usual, with my poor friend, Mrs. Smith?"

The man hesitated, and Sir Percival's heart beat high with hope.

"Well, sir, as you may have surmised, I have come to you about Mrs. Smith."

"Yes; what?"

Sir Percival could scarcely conceal his agitation.

"I am sorry to have to communicate the intelligence, sir, that Mrs. Smith has escaped from the asylum!"

Like a thunderbolt the news fell upon Sir Percival's soul, crushing all his hopes.

His face became so ashy pale, that it did not escape the observation of Thomas Barker; who forthwith suspected that the so-called Mrs. Smith was an important person in the life of Sir Percival Rossmore.

"Escaped!"

That was all Sir Percival was capable of saying.

"I am sorry to have to tell it, Sir Percival. We naturally do not like such matters to be known, as it might suggest negligence on the part of our staff at the asylum, so—"

"And it was negligence!" interrupted Sir Percival, his face rapidly becoming purple with rage. "It must have been utter negligence. And pray, sir, when did this precious affair take place?"

"A little time ago," was the reply, in a quiet voice.

Thomas Barker, confidential attendant in the Oakwood Lunatic Asylum, was too well accustomed to every phase of passion to attach any importance to the ravings of a choleric old gentleman.

"And why was not I told of it at once?"

"Because, sir, we make it a rule not to tell the friends if we see our way to recovering the patients."

"And have you any idea as to where Mrs. Smith is?"

"Yes, sir. From various circumstances which have come to light, we have reason to think that Mrs. Smith was helped in her endeavours to escape by an attendant, an Irishwoman named Margaret Power. Both have been traced to Rossmore, to the house of Henry Garthside, a schoolmaster."

"Garthside!"

Sir Percival Rossmore gave a start of horror and dismay.

"Yes, sir. So before troubling you, I watched Garthside's house all day yesterday; and made some inquiries about the neighbourhood. The only woman about the place was Garthside's cousin, a person of the name of Finlay."

"I know. I have not seen Garthside himself for some time. This is his holiday time."

"I also made inquiries respecting him," continued Thomas Barker, calmly, as though there had been no interruption, "and I am told he is at present lying ill somewhere from the effects of injuries received in a railway accident which occurred between Pendleton and Brentwood."

Sir Percival grasped the arms of his chair. His face became livid, and he leaned forward, his terror-stiffened lips refusing to utter a sound.

(To be Continued.)





[THE BANKER AND HIS DAUGHTER.]

## THE LORD OF STRATHMERE; OR, THE HIDDEN CRIME.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

The dearest girl in all the world  
Treading life's walk with me.

LORD STRATHMERE awaited Miss Pelham's answer in breathless expectation.

The girl's senses seemed to reel. She looked around her at the silent officers, the man who held in his hand the instrument of torture, and who awaited only a final order to commence his cruel task, and at the form of her lover. His noble young head was drooping so that his face was hidden from her gaze; but his helplessness was the strongest possible appeal to the girl who loved him.

Her gaze finally settled upon the hard and pitiless visage of the governor. How those hard black eyes gleamed!

Their expression was full of gloating triumph.

His lips writhed in a snake's smile. He would know no mercy.

An appeal to him would be worse than useless—Gerda could not make another.

Her whole soul arose in revolt against this man.

She knew that he was a murderer, a base and cowardly assassin, a hypocrite, the persecutor of his innocent young cousin, and she felt that she could die a thousand deaths sooner than become his wife.

Better torture, a thousand agonies, than such a fate.

Better that Chandos should die than that she

should link her pure life to one so stained with crime.

And then her gaze drifted again to her lover. Ah! she could have seen him die, and smiled into his dying eyes—she could have died with him—but this degradation with which he was threatened would be far worse to him than the most horrible death.

His fair young head, bowed now in utter agony, to be crowned with this horror, his proud young spirit to be abased to the lowest depth, that noble figure to cower beneath the lash—oh, never, never! She could bear death for him, but not this!

"Speak!" whispered the governor, hoarsely. "His fate is in your hands. Say no, and the lash shall fall—say yes, and he shall not be punished for this assault upon me! Speak!"

He had no doubt now what her answer would be.

The delicate features drawn and tortured with her anguish, her eyes of wild dusk, her quivering figure—all told him that she must yield. He had her, at last, in his power—her and her lover together.

"Oh, Heaven!" breathed Gerda, in an awful despair. "Is there no help—none?"

She moved a step nearer her unfortunate young lover.

He had not heard a word that she or Lord Strathmere had uttered.

His brave soul, that had never blenched in the hour of danger, was strung to the highest pitch, he was waiting for the first blow—the blow that, to his proud spirit, was a million times worse than death.

Lord Strathmere made a gesture to one of the soldiers.

She man seized the shawl that protected our hero's shoulders.

Before he could withdraw it, Gerda uttered a wild shriek, and flung herself again upon her lover.

The governor saw that his victory was won. "I—I—" said the girl, brokenly. "I—"

Before the word of consent could be given a

clattering sound was heard and Col. Gurney rode into the barrack-yard. His stern eyes took in the scene in an instant.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means," said Lord Strathmere, haughtily, "that this convict is about to be flogged. Come, Gerda," he added, turning to her. "Your promise—quick!"

But the girl ran to the grey-haired, soldierly colonel, who had dismounted, and made to him a wild, half-incoherent appeal to save her lover.

The colonel listened with darkening brows, catching his breath sharply.

"Who is the convict?" he demanded.

"It is Chandos," answered Capt. Archer.

"His excellency called to see him, and Chandos assaulted him. Lord Strathmere has ordered him a flogging."

"As I had a right to do," said the governor. "I am, of course, supreme here."

He awaited Gerda's answer, but she was again beseeching the colonel, with reviving hopes.

"There ought to be an investigation, a trial, my lord," said the colonel, nervously.

"I will take all the responsibility of the punishment," declared the governor, angrily. "Go on with your work, man. A hundred lashes, mind!"

"Hold!" cried Col. Gurney, in a voice of thunder. "Take the man down. Can't you see that he has fainted?"

His keen gaze had detected what the others had been too excited to notice—that the long-continued strain upon his nerves had been too much for Chandos, who had become unconscious.

"A few strokes of the lash will bring him to," said the governor, brutally.

But Colonel Gurney had already sprung to the triangle and was effecting the release of our hero.

Lord Strathmere blustered and threatened, but the colonel, as calm and self-possessed as ever, took no notice of his ravings.

Chandos was released and laid upon the ground, and water was dashed in his white face.

"We can soon go on with his punishment," said Lord Strathmere, bending over him. "He's reviving."

Col. Gurney felt our hero's pulse. "He is not fit for punishment," he said, quietly. "It will have to be deferred until to-morrow."

Dr. West entered the barrack-yard at this juncture, and the colonel called to him.

His surprise and horror at the state of affairs may be imagined.

He hastened to confirm the colonel's assertion.

"The man can't be punished to-day. He must be returned to the hospital."

Colonel Gurney ordered our hero to be taken thither at once.

The governor gave vent to his rage in violent language, and exclaimed, finally, in a calmer tone:

"He will have his hundred lashes to-morrow. I will see to it myself. Miss Pelham, shall I have the honour of escorting you home?"

Gerda was only too anxious to remove him from the scene.

With a last pleading look at Colonel Gurney, which spoke volumes, and which he answered by an equally comprehensive glance, Miss Pelham quitted the barrack-yard with the baron, and walked slowly homeward with him, Susan Priggs following.

"Is it in your power to save him, Gerda," said the governor, as they walked along Macquarie Street. "You did yield. Have I your promise to marry me to-morrow? If so, I will turn back and relieve Chandos from his terrors of the fate hanging over him."

"I have not promised, Lord Strathmere," replied the girl, brokenly. "I cannot promise now. Give me till morning to think it over."

She did not speak again during their walk. Upon reaching Government House, she retired to her own rooms, seeing no one, not even her father or her maid, until the next morning.

Chandos spent the remaining hours of the day in bitter reflection. He was tempted to commit suicide, but his principles would not allow him to yield to the temptation of self-murder.

He was in a wild and desperate mood in the early evening, when Colonel Gurney came in to see him.

"I have heard the whole story from Captain Archer, Mr. Chandos," said the officer, respectfully, "and I consider you more sinned against than sinning. I think the governor came to-day expressly to goad you into an attack upon him, and to bring about this very state of affairs."

The colonel's manner was that of one gentleman addressing another. He seemed to forget that Chandos was a convict, and our hero was quick to notice the fact.

"If you remain here, you will be flogged to-morrow," said the colonel, gravely. "Even I, much as I desire to, cannot save you. The governor has ordered that the punishment come off at ten o'clock in the morning. You are then to be tried for the assault, and you will be sent to Norfolk Island for life. Punishment to Norfolk Island is the lowest depth of punishment, the severest, the most terrible."

Chandos bowed silently.

"There is but one hope for you," continued the colonel, in a whisper. "You must escape to-night."

"Escape? You say that to me?"

"Yes. I know that you are innocent of the crime for which you were sentenced. I know that you are deeply wronged. Listen. I dare trust you, and it is time you knew the truth. When I pledged myself to secrecy, it was with the reservation that you should know all when necessary."

He told Chandos of Crowl's confession, of the conspiracy that had resulted, of the listeners, and the acknowledgment of Lord Strathmere.

Chandos listened in mute amazement.

"Dr. Marsh has gone to England with these

confessions and with letters and documents to confirm them," concluded the colonel. "The doctor is your staunch friend. He will go to the throne itself, if necessary. We may reasonably hope for his success."

"Oh, merciful Heaven."

"But we must be prepared for his failure. My dear boy, you have powerful friends at work for you; now you must help yourself. The voyage to England requires a hundred and twenty days. Allow the same time for return, and a month or two for the doctor's work. That will take ten months. In ten months, under the regime the governor has planned, you will be a dead man."

"I shall not survive to-morrow."

"Yes, for you must not be here. I have planned everything for you, Mr. Chandos. You must escape. With caution and boldness, you can make your way out of the hospital, to-night. At midnight, just beyond Brickfield Hill, you will find a horse tied to a tree, waiting for you. In your saddle-bags will be found money, provisions, and clothing. You will also find a rifle pistol and ammunition, with other necessities. You are to take possession of these and go up country."

Chandos began to show animation.

"Not to Garra-Garra, because the governor will send there to look for you," said the colonel.

"Of course, there will be a tremendous hue and cry. Troops may be sent to look for you; detectives certainly will be put on your track. You must take to the bush."

"I understand. Heaven bless you, colonel, even as I do."

"It's all right, my dear fellow. I'm doing an unsoldierly action, but I am doing right. I have determined to save you. I will not permit the governor's iniquity to triumph. Fly to the bush, Chandos, and hide yourself from mortal sight for ten months. At the end of that period, go to Garra-Garra, where Crowl is now living. As soon as Dr. Marsh returns, I will send a message to Garra-Garra, where you will find it."

"I will remember," said Chandos, in a choked voice.

"One thing more. Dr. Marsh was still feeble when he went away. We must not count too absolutely upon his success. And now, Mr. Chandos, good-bye, and good luck go with you."

He arose. Chandos seized his hand and carried it to his lips in speechless gratitude.

"Tut, tut," said the colonel, brushing away a sudden moisture from his eyes. "You owe me nothing, Mr. Chandos. Your gratitude is all due to Miss Pelham, the noble, true-hearted, devoted girl who has clung to you through prosperity and adversity—Heaven bless her! It is she who has tracked the murder of your old uncle home to Lord Strathmere. When your freedom comes, you'll find her waiting for you. Till then, you may rest confident that she will never cease to pray for and love you!"

He wrung Chandos's hand and withdrew, leaving our hero once more to solitude.

When midnight came, with its clouded, moonless sky, and its dread stillness, when the town lay wrapped in silence, and the prison-sentinels paced their weary beats, Ralph Chandos crept from the hospital ward.

Doors mysteriously yielded to his touch. He encountered no one, and gained the dark and silent street unobserved.

He sped to Brickfield Hill, and found there the horse and equipments that had been promised him.

No one was waiting. He secured his new possessions, mounted and rode away upon the road to Paramatta, vanishing in the gloom and silence.

His escape was, next morning, the sensation of the town.

Mr. Carew brought in the astounding news to the governor's breakfast-table. His excellency was present, complacent and good-humoured. Mr. Pelham sat in his accustomed place, fair and rosy and fresh as ever.

Miss Pelham had come down, and sat behind

the coffee-urn. She was deathly pale, with heavy bistre circles under her great, sorrowful eyes, and with a piteous expression on her lovely young face.

She had again nerved herself to the sacrifice. She had spent a sleepless night, and had come down determined to save her lover at all hazards.

Mr. Carew's news burst upon the small party like a bomb-shell.

"There's a great excitement at the barracks and throughout Sydney," he observed. "That convict Chandos has escaped."

"Escaped?" ejaculated the governor.

"Escaped!" echoed Mr. Pelham.

Gerda clasped her hands, and sat dumb and motionless.

"Escaped, my lord," said Mr. Carew. "He got out in the night, no one knows how. The guard says that at half-past eleven he tried every door, as he is obliged to do on every round. At twelve o'clock he again tried them, and found them unlocked. The most mysterious thing I ever heard. Chandos must have had false keys. His escape was not discovered until this morning."

The governor sprang up and hurried down to the barracks. Carew's story was only too true. Everybody was agape over the mystery. Col. Gurney, Capt. Archer, and other officers were in consultation, but no one seemed to know anything about the affair.

An investigation was ordered, but it was fruitless. The blame of Chandos's escape could be fixed upon no one.

The governor ordered the most thorough search to be made in Sydney and about the surrounding country.

The aboriginal detectives, who were found so effective as secret service agents in the employ of the government, were despatched to find Chandos's trail and follow it up.

"We'll soon have him again!" muttered Lord Strathmere. "I'll fix him out yet!"

But days and weeks passed, and no tidings came of the fugitive.

The governor waited until the excitement of the escape had died away, and then renewed his suit with Miss Pelham.

Upon this occasion he talked the matter over first with her father.

"I have been dilly-dallying for many months," he said, frankly, "and Miss Pelham seems as devoted to that convict as ever. I'm a patient man, Mr. Pelham, but patience now ceases to be a virtue. I entreat your good offices in the matter. Your daughter loves me. If you were to use your influence in my behalf, she would, I am quite sure, yield to my prayers."

"I have spoken to her repeatedly."

"But have been vanquished every time. I cannot wait longer, Pelham. I wish to give Government House a mistress. A Lady Strathmere would make me more popular here. I am getting along in life. I have no time to waste. I must make haste in this business."

Mr. Pelham, being duly charged and primed, went in search of his daughter.

She was in a more hopeful frame of mind in these days, and her old bright bloom had returned to her.

She was singing over her embroidery when her father entered the parlour.

He made known his errand without circumlocution.

"I have given Lord Strathmere his answer often, papa, answered Gerda. "I don't like him—"

"This is a childish excuse, Gerda. His great wealth, his position, most of all, his title ought to secure your unbounded respect; and respect is a very good basis for marriage."

"Did mamma only 'respect' you, papa?" asked the girl, brightly.

The banker coloured.

"Of course, she loved me—"

"Of course she did, papa. And I don't like Lord Strathmere, and I don't respect him. If he were the last man on earth I wouldn't marry him!" cried Gerda, vehemently. "He is bad, wicked and vile! Papa, I hate him! I hate him—"



"Gerda! Bless my soul! Are you mad?" exclaimed her father.

"No; but I should be if you tried to force me into this marriage. I can't breathe in his presence. His very look oppresses me. Papa, I believe I would kill myself to avoid a marriage with him. I would run away. I would rather be a convict—"

"Bless us!" cried her amazed parent. "I never saw you like this before, Gerda. My heart is set upon the marriage—"

"And upon driving me into my grave!"

"No, no. I own that it would make me perfectly happy to see you Baroness Strathmore, and that I am very miserable with your absurd devotion to that Chandos, convicted murderer as he is; but I love you, my darling, and I cannot urge this marriage upon you if you are set against it."

"Thank you, papa."

"But I know you will outgrow your infatuation for Chandos in time," urged her father. "It couldn't be otherwise. You are my heiress, and you must marry. Where will you ever find a better match than this? Everyone honours Lord Strathmore except you."

"And I certainly do not. Papa, I have long been wishing to leave Government House. I cannot marry Lord Strathmore. Why, then, should we continue to visit him? People link my name with his, and expect me to marry him. Let us leave this place."

"Go back to England!"

"No, papa. There is a house vacant in Macquarie Street, a furnished house, belonging to a government official. His family went home in the 'Queensland' to stay a year in England. Take that house for you and me, and I'll be happy, and I'll bless you, dear, dear papa!" and she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed and caressed him.

"What cajoling creatures women are," groaned the banker. "As slight a girl as you to wind a man round her finger as you do me. But you are right, Gerda. If you won't marry Lord Strathmore we must no longer be a burden upon his hospitality. I am willing to go back to England, since you are determined to disappoint me in my dearest hopes. If I take this house and we remain here I shall not give up my project of marrying you to Lord Strathmore," and he eyed her keenly.

The girl drew a long breath.

"Papa," she said, gravely, "there are a great many possibilities that you know nothing about. But if you'll take the house I want, and remain here a year, and not say a word to me about marriage before the end of that period, I will promise—I think I am safe to promise—that I will then marry Lord Strathmore."

Mr. Felham kissed his daughter in a transport of joy, and the matter was settled.

(To be Continued.)

## HEALTHFULNESS OF FRUIT.

FRESH, ripe, perfect, raw fruit is safe and healthful at all seasons of the year, and amid the ravages of disease, whether epidemic, endemic or sporadic, general, special or local. Under proper restrictions as to quantity such fruit as named will cure a diarrhoea, aid in removing a cold, colic fever, or any other disease whose treatment requires the bowels to be kept freely open; for this effect, fresh ripe fruit is acknowledged to have; but to be used advantageously in health and disease the following rules are imperative.

1. Fruit should be eaten ripe, raw, fresh and perfect.
2. It should be eaten in moderation.
3. It should be eaten not later than four o'clock in the afternoon.
4. No water or fluid of any description should be swallowed within an hour after eating fruit.
5. To have its full, beneficial effect, nothing else should be eaten at the time the fruit is taken.

It is to the neglect of these observances that erroneous impressions prevail in many families, and to an extent too, in some instances, that the most luscious peach, or apple, or bunch of grapes is regarded as that much embodied cholera and death. When will men learn to be observant and reflective?

## OUR ALLIANCES.

LORD PALMERSTON's opinion about allies was thus stated: "I hold, with respect to alliances, that England is a Power sufficiently strong to steer her own course, and not to tie herself as an unnecessary appendage to the policy of any other Government. I hold that the real policy of England is to be the champion of justice and right; pursuing that course with moderation and prudence, not becoming the Quixote of the world, but giving the weight of her moral sanction and support wherever she thinks that justice is, and wherever she thinks wrong has been done. As long as she sympathises with right and justice she will never find herself altogether alone. She is sure to find some other state of sufficient power, influence, and weight to support and aid her in the course she may think fit to pursue."

"Therefore, I say that it is a narrow policy to suppose that this country or that is marked out as the eternal ally or the perpetual enemy of England. We have no eternal allies, and we have no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual, and these interests it is our duty to follow."

## CONVICTED.

### CHAPTER LXII.

THE marquise came in, rubbing his hands. He recognised Renaud's presence by a nod.

"Well," said the valet, familiarly, "have you secured Lady Vivian's promise yet?"

"Not quite; but she certainly begins to regard me with more favour," replied the marquise, airily, in a tone of satisfaction. "I shall bring her to an engagement soon."

"It's time, I think. 'You've been wooing her for years,' sneered the valet. "She pays a poor compliment to your fascinations in being so slow to yield to them."

The marquise frowned.

"Keep your insolence to yourself," he said, with unusual spirit. "I've had enough of you, Pierre Renaud. You and I will part."

"The sooner the better. But first I shall exact a little fortune from you—say ten thousand pounds—as a reward for my long and faithful service," said Renaud, with a sneer. "I wrote you about Gregg, the miller. He is determined upon having a ninety-nine years' lease of the mill property."

"He shall have it," said the marquise, wearily, sinking into a chair.

"The girl has set him up; he may increase his demands."

"The girl—is she still alive?" asked Lord Mountheron.

"Yes, blight her! I pushed her over the bluff, and how she escaped death I cannot imagine. I begin to believe in the old stories of charmed lives."

"But she must not be allowed to survive," said the marquise, hoarsely. "She is rightful owner of my title and estates. She may contest my possession at any moment. She must die!"

"Yes, and other work has crowded in ahead of her death," said Renaud, coolly. Her father is in Cornwall, and in the Cavalier's Retreat of the old chapel."

"Death and furies!"

"And what is worse," continued the valet, "he has been tracked by officers from London, who are at this moment in the chapel on the look-out for his appearance."

"Great heavens!" breathed the marquise, growing livid.

"He'll be captured to-night," said Renaud. "All you have to do is to keep cool. Before Lady Vivian can get wind of his presence in Cornwall, you ought to have her promise of a speedy marriage. I advise you to go and see her to-night. To-morrow all England will be ringing with the news of Lord Stratford Heron's capture."

The marquise sat as if stupefied.

"Make sure of Lady Vivian at once," urged the valet. "Order the carriage as soon as you have dined; that is my advice to you. And I will take care that the girl never troubles you or contests your possession of the Mountheron title and estates—provided that you pay me what I demand for the service."

A cold sweat bedewed the face of Lord Mountheron.

"Save me from being turned out to poverty and despair, Renaud," he groaned; "stand by me, get rid of the girl this very night, and you shall have whatever reward you may claim. And as to Lady Vivian, I will go to her this very evening. I will obtain her promise before she hears a report of what has happened. I came home exulting in my brightening prospects. I feel now as if I had built a house of cards and it were tumbling about my ears. Everything depends upon you, Renaud. If you get rid of the girl I shall breathe freely again."

"Then breathe freely," said Renaud, decisively. "She will surely die to-night."

When the Lady Vivian Clyffe, accompanied by her chaperone, Lady Markham, and attended by her maid Felicie and a servant, drove up to the mansion at Clyffe-bourne, every window streamed with light, and the doors were opened wide in hospitable welcome. The servants whom her ladyship had sent down the previous night in advance of herself had made the house ready for her occupancy.

The couple who were usually left in charge by her brother, the master of Clyffe-bourne, had kept the rooms well warmed and aired. Her return was almost like a coming home in the old days when her father had been the reigning duke, and Clyffe-bourne had been her home.

As she entered the hall she looked about her for Alex.

Not seeing her, she inquired of a servant if Miss Strange had arrived, and was told that the young lady had gone up to her room.

"Let her be told of my arrival," said Lady Vivian. "And say to her that I beg her to honour me with a visit in my private room."

She went upstairs to her dressing-room. Her boxes had arrived in advance of her, and Felicie proceeded to unpack one of them, and to lay out a dinner-dress.

Her beautiful mistress was all impatience to see Miss Strange, and passed into her boudoir just as a knock upon the door of the latter apartment testified to Alex's prompt appearance.

Lady Vivian herself opened the door to her visitor.

She greeted the young girl with loving warmth, gathering her into a tender embrace.

And as Alex's head lay on her ladyship's breast the girl's heart throbbed hard and fast, and a rush of tenderness made the tears come to her eyes.

She clung to the lady with a passionate yearning that surprised the latter, who put her gently away, as she said:

"I hurried back to Cornwall at your bidding, my dear. Your letter was mysterious, and I have been devoured with anxieties ever since receiving it. I thought that your summons must have some connection with your visit to London; that you must have made some new discovery. Is this so?"

"It is," answered Alex. "I have discovered the ownership of the watch-guard, a piece of which you have in your possession. Most of the original chain is in the jewel-case of Pierre Renaud!"

"Of Pierre Renaud?" breathed the lady, in surprise. "Then I was mistaken!"

"Did you think that the guard had belonged to some one other than Pierre Renaud?"

"Yes. I thought I had seen such a chain upon someone else years ago—upon Rowland Ingestre."

Alex told of her visit to the miller and her discoveries in that quarter, of her interviews with Mr. Dalton, and finally of the presence of a detective officer at the castle, under the name and guise of John Wilson, fireman.

Lady Vivian listened with most eager interest. And finally Alex rehearsed her earlier discovery of the hidden diamonds in the crypt of the ancient chapel and told of Renaud's examination of them.

"You did well to send for me, Alex," said Lady Vivian, when she had concluded. "I shall send a messenger to Mr. Dalton, begging him to come and see me this evening. I will consult with him; some plan must be arranged for Lord Stratford's Heron's vindication. That vindication shall be accomplished. I pray Heaven that poor Stratford may be alive to witness it!"

Lady Vivian wrote a note to Mr. Dalton, and despatched it immediately.

Then retiring to her dressing-room, she made a dinner-toilet.

Felcie attired her lovely mistress in a cream-coloured robe of richest silk, and put crimson roses in her hair and on her breast, Lady Vivian submitting passively, her thoughts upon the great subject that had brought her back to Clyffe-bourne.

While she was dressing Alex descended to the drawing-room, and there Lady Markham found her.

The baronet's widow eyed the young girl superciliously, and deigned her a haughty nod, passing on to the fire.

Neither spoke until Lady Vivian came in, but during the interval Alex was made to feel, by Lady Vivian's chaperone, that she was regarded as an adventuress of the worst description.

The cold light eyes of the gaunt and severe old lady scanned the girl suspiciously and superciliously, quite as if the latter were an inferior being.

Dinner was served in the dining-saloon, but neither Lady Vivian nor Alex had any appetite. After dinner they returned to the drawing-room.

Lady Markham having some errand in her own apartment, Alex employed her absence in telling Lady Vivian of Renaud's repeated attempts upon her life.

"And you have suffered all this for me and mine!" said her ladyship, with tears in her proud dusky eyes. "Heaven bless you, my dear child. It was the Lord who sent you to me. I shall never let you go from me again."

Lady Markham's return prevented any response.

A little later, a carriage was heard upon the avenue, and Lord Mountheron was presently ushered into the drawing-room. His appearance at Clyffe-bourne, after having been in the society of Lady Vivian all day, seemed to Lady Markham significant.

She withdrew to a distant window-seat with her crochet-work.

The hour was close upon ten o'clock.

Alex stole out of the drawing-room and out of the house.

If her father were coming, he might already be waiting for her.

The night was gloomy.

She crossed the lawn and drew near the edge of the cliff.

The wind was rising; a low moan of a brooding storm came from the rumbling waves and the white breakers.

Alex paced up and down the cliff, and an hour passed.

Another carriage rolled up the drive; the Rev. Justice Dalton had arrived in answer to Lady Vivian's summons.

Still the minutes rolled on. It was past eleven o'clock.

The girl's anxiety became agony.

"I shall wait here all night if he does not come," she thought. "Have they captured him? Oh, papa! Papa!"

Her agony was becoming insupportable. The darkness was thickening. The wind blew her garments fiercely, and the moans of wind and sea were torturing.

But suddenly—ah! what was that?

A dusky figure climbing the face of the cliff, bounding like a chamois from projection to projection!

Was it Renaud come to slay her? Ah, that was not Renaud's figure! It climbed to the top of the cliff; it moved toward her as not seeing her, breathless, gasping.

"Papa!" called the girl, softly.

"Alex!" he answered, breathlessly. "Is it you? I am pursued. The officers, with Renaud, are just below. They have followed me from the castle. My retreat is cut off in every direction. All that remains is to die."

His desperate voice thrilled his child with horror.

"Papa!" she cried, in a whisper full of anguish and terror. "Oh, Heaven! You know not what you say!"

"My poor little Alex, I am run to earth. The pursuers are on my track. There is no way of escape. All I can do for you and her is to spare you the shame of my death on the gallows. Heaven pardon me! There they come!"

Alex saw dusky, moving figures below, scarcely traceable in the gloom, and she heard voices calling. Someone was commencing the ascent of the cliff.

An inspiration came to her.

"They will never look for you in the house of your divorced wife, papa," she exclaimed. "Come. Let me hide you there until the pursuit is past!"

She ran toward the house and her father followed her.

She led him in at a side door, up a private staircase to the upper hall, meeting no one on the way.

She paused a second at her own door, then passed on to Lady Vivian's. She knew that Felcie was below, and she led him into her ladyship's dressing-room, which was lighted by the bright sea-coal fire.

"They will never look for you here," she said.

"I will come to you when the pursuers are gone. Now I must go below to throw them off the scent."

She hurried again into the hall, and encountered Lady Markham at the door. For a moment her heart seemed to stand still.

Then she slowly descended to the drawing-room, the baronet's widow, flushed with malignant triumph, closely following her.

Lady Vivian had not been able to rid herself of the marquis, and Mr. Dalton was quietly biding his time for a private conference.

Lord Mountheron had been interrupted by the rector's inopportune arrival, in the midst of a passionate entreaty for an immediate marriage, and he was determined not to leave the house until his entreaty had been answered.

He was looking somewhat sullen when Alex came in, and her appearance did not conduce to his better nature.

An ominous gleam in his eyes as he regarded her in her splendid young beauty boded her no good.

Alex sat down. Not so Lady Markham. The baronet's widow was aglow with gratified malice.

"My dear Lady Vivian," she said, in a clear, strident voice. "I have something particular to say to you. I wish to expose your sweet protégée, Miss Strange, and I may as well do so before your guests. She has been meeting a lover in your grounds."

"Lady Markham!" cried Lady Vivian, indignantly.

"Oh, you don't believe me? Well, I can prove my words," cried Lady Markham. "And I can prove that she is a vile adventuress. She has brought her lover into the house and has taken him up to your room. He is at this very moment engaged in packing up your jewels. This girl is a thief and a companion of thieves!"

Without waiting for a reply, Lady Markham rang the bell violently and ordered the men servants to go upstairs quietly and guard the doors of Lady Vivian's chambers.

"This is all false. I do not believe one word of it," declared Lady Vivian, haughtily. "Alex, my dear—"

But her glance at Alex prevented her further utterance.

The horror in that lovely young face, the wild terror in the sapphire eyes, the piteous gaze—were these the signs of innocence?

While the little party stood stricken dumb, with Lady Markham towering above them all in her malicious triumph, a sound of loud voices was heard without, and the London inspectors, with John Wilson, and the two Mount Heron constables, with Pierre Renaud, burst into the house, entering the drawing-room.

"We are looking for an escaped criminal, madame," said one of the inspectors, removing his hat and addressing Lady Vivian. "We have traced him to your grounds, and think that he must have gained entrance into your house."

"There! What did I say?" cried Lady Markham, triumphantly. "The escaped criminal is upstairs in Lady Vivian's own room, stealing her jewels. His accomplice just took him up. Come quickly. He cannot escape."

She led the way thither. The pursuers followed her.

Alex, with the strength of a mad creature, dashed past them all and flew up the stairs.

Lady Vivian, wondering and incredulous, followed, and the marquis and the rector brought up the rear.

The party trooped into Lady Vivian's boudoir, thence into her dressing-room.

The fugitive had heard the outcry, and knew that flight and hiding were vain. His hour was come!

He stood with folded arms in the glare of the fire-light, grand and noble, with his haughty features wearing an expression of calmness and sweetness singularly contrasting with the turmoil around him.

"There!" shrieked Lady Markham, pointing to him. "There is her accomplice!"

The fugitive smiled with an infinite sadness. He looked around upon them all, turning at bay, then his hand went quietly to his breast.

With a great cry, Alex flew to him, comprehending his purpose.

"Arrest him!" cried Pierre Renaud. "He is Lord Stratford Heron, the murderer of his brother!"

It needed not that assurance to complete Lady Vivian's recognition of the husband of her youth.

Since the moment of entering the room she had stood spell-bound.

The lapse of years, the inevitable change of time and sorrow, the slight disguise, none nor all of these could blind her eyes to his identity. With her hands clasped above her heart she stared at him wildly.

The inspectors made a rush toward him.

"Stand back!" cried Lord Stratford Heron, drawing a revolver, his voice stern and authoritative. "I will not be taken alive!"

The men recoiled before his awful eyes, blazing with lightning, before the awful beauty of his face, upon which the very shadow of death might seem to linger.

"Stand back!" said the magistrate, in a voice only less stern. "Lay not your hands upon him, my men. But arrest Pierre Renaud there, against whom I have a warrant, and whom I accuse of the murder of the late Marquis of Mountheron."

A profound silence succeeded.

Mr. Dalton exhibited his warrant. The two Mount Heron constables advanced upon the valet, who retreated before them in rage and dismay.

"On what evidence do you dare accuse me of Lord Mountheron's murder?" he demanded.

Alex stepped forward, her blue eyes aflame.

"I saw you looking at your hidden diamonds in the crypt of the old chapel of Mount Heron," she declared, "and I can guide the officers to



their place of concealment. I found a portion of gold watch-guard in the carvings of the bedstead of the murdered marquis. You have the remainder of the chain in your jewel case. How will you account for your wealth?"

Pierre Renaud made a dash toward her, but the four policemen cast themselves upon him and held him powerless. He was instantly handcuffed.

"There is yet stronger evidence," said Mr. Dalton. "The miller, Jacob Gregg, has confessed."

A moaning cry came from Lord Mountheron. He was ghastly, and looked the picture of cowardly terror.

"Whatever comes to me, you'll share it, my fine master!" exclaimed Pierre Renaud. "Arrest him too, Mr. Dalton. He's as thick in the mud as I am in the mire!"

"Here is the order for the arrest of Rowland Ingestre," said Mr. Dalton, displaying it. "Arrest him, my men."

But Rowland Ingestre, so long known as Lord Mountheron, burst from the detaining grasp of John Wilson, and went flying down the staircase and out into the night.

He was pursued and ran to the edge of the cliff.

Whether he hoped to escape in that direction, and lost his foothold, or whether he intended thus to destroy himself, can never be known, but he went whirling off into the black space, and his anguished cry was borne back on the wind to the ears of his pursuers.

Five minutes later they picked him up on the rocks below, a mangled corpse.

While he was thus meeting his doom, Mr. Dalton had taken Lord Stratford Heron by the hand and given him a warm and affectionate greeting.

"I have sent full particulars of the miller's confession and the other proofs of Ingestre's and Renaud's guilt and your innocence to the Home Secretary," he said, "and have asked for a full pardon for you, Lord Stratford—or a reversal of the sentence and judgment against you. While awaiting this pardon, you can stay here or at Mount Heron Castle. I will leave two constables in the house, as a matter of form, that I may not seem to err in my duty as magistrate, but your name shall be cleared: it is cleared; and you are virtually free! I congratulate you, Lord Stratford, while I give you my sympathy for the unmerited wrongs that have wrecked your life."

Lord Stratford Heron wrung the rector's hand. Then his gaze reverted yearningly to the Lady Vivian. How magnificently beautiful she was in her southern loveliness! She had not spoken one word to him yet, but her dusky eyes devoured his face.

"I will go to the castle," said Lord Stratford; "but, first, have you no word for me, Vivian?" She moved nearer to him.

He opened his arms.

Without a word she sprang into his embrace, and in that blessed reunion all misunderstandings were forgotten, and the passionate regrets of many years were obliterated.

It was many minutes before either could speak.

In the glorious joy of that reunion they forgot that they were not alone, until Lady Markham's voice broke the stillness.

"You seem to forget, Vivian, that you are not Lord Stratford's wife, that you are divorced from him. He has found a newer lover—this girl here."

Lady Vivian withdrew herself from Lord Stratford's arms and looked at Alex.

"Who is she?" she questioned.

"Does not your heart tell you, Vivian?" he answered.

"Who is she?" repeated Lady Vivian, deathly pale.

"Vivian," said Lord Stratford Heron—no, the Marquis of Mountheron, for such was his lawful title—"the little child you buried was not your child."

"Not mine?" gasped Lady Vivian.

"No. I heard that you were divorced from me, and about to marry again, and in my mad-

ness and loneliness, I went to Nice, and stole from you our child. She has been with me ever since, the noblest, truest, bravest daughter Heaven ever gave to man. She is not Alex Strange, Vivian, but your little Augusta, your own daughter—yours and mine!"

It is said that joy never kills. It is well that it is so, else Lady Vivian Clyffe could not have survived that night.

We will not dwell upon the reunion of the father, mother and child. It was too sacred for description.

Pierre Renaud was taken from the room, and these three were left together to a bliss which few souls know on earth.

Not one of the three retired that night, and after an hour or two, good Mr. Dalton came in to keep them company.

The next morning, the young Earl of Kingscourt, who had arrived at Mount Heron the previous evening, drove over to Clyffe-bourne, and was made a sharer in Alex's delight. His surprise in finding his Greek host, Mr. Strange, in Lord Mountheron may be imagined.

One of the first things done by Mr. Dalton that day, was to procure a special licence to re-marry Lord Mountheron and Lady Vivian Clyffe, and the marriage took place before noon.

The news of Lord Stratford Heron's return was telegraphed over England, and created the wildest excitement.

The new marquis, by the earnest solicitation of the Duke of Clyffe-bourne, remained at Clyffe-bourne until his honour had been fully vindicated, and the last shadow had been cleared from his name.

He had not long to wait.

The trial of Pierre Renaud on the charge of murder took place without delay.

The evidence against him and his dead master was overwhelming.

Jacob Gregg, the miller, testified that on the night of the murder of the late marquis he had left the castle at ten minutes to two in the morning; that, in passing across the upper terrace, he had seen a man against the window, and that that man was Rowland Ingestre!

He swore, also, that in continuing his journey to his home, he had seen Lord Stratford Heron in the park, walking to and fro, absorbed in himself—thus completely establishing Lord Stratford's own former defence.

The miller declared that he had accused Ingestre of the murder, and had been paid to keep silent.

He had believed that Lord Stratford could not be convicted; after his lordship's conviction he had not dared to speak.

The case was very black against Renaud, and he recognised the fact, and, by advice of his own counsel, pleaded guilty.

He made confession, too, throwing the blame upon Ingestre.

He said that the marquis, on the night of the murder, had thrown him, Renaud, downstairs, disfiguring him for life. He had openly vowed to be revenged.

Late that night Ingestre had come to him, told him of pecuniary difficulties, and hired him to murder his master.

He and Ingestre had committed the murder between them, and he had taken half the marquis's diamonds for his share of the plunder, Ingestre taking the other half.

He and Ingestre, who had hated Lord Stratford Heron, had then contrived the proofs of guilt which should fix the crime upon the latter, and so bring Ingestre one step nearer the succession to the Mountheron title and estates. He also declared that Ingestre and he had contrived a scheme to kill the baby marchioness, but that scheme had been frustrated by her supposed death at Nice.

Lord Mountheron was "pardoned" for the crime he had not committed, and restored to his former rights and privileges.

The Queen sent him an autograph letter expressing her sympathy for his wrongs, and her joy at his vindication, and he became the lion of the day.

Congratulations poured in upon him, invita-

tions followed, and he found himself quite a hero.

The day after Pierre Renaud expiated his crime upon the gallows, Lord Mountheron, the beautiful Marchioness, and Lady Augusta Heron returned to Mount Heron Castle in state.

The tenantry made a great festival in their honour, and loud rejoicings.

Lord Kingscourt was there, all smiles and happiness.

He was there again three months later as a joyful bridegroom, and Alex was the happy bride.

The Hon. Bertie Knollys and Capt. Wilbraham served as groomsmen. The village wore a festal air.

The Mount Heron Arms was festooned with evergreens.

The bride received an Indian shawl as a present from the Queen, and cases of jewels and articles of rare value from hosts of noble friends, but dearer to her were the offerings of the Mount Heron and Kingscourt tenantry, and most precious of all was her father's grateful blessing.

Not one of all those, high or low of estate, who had been kind to her were forgotten by her in her prosperity, or unrewarded.

She had been faithful to her duty to her father through everything, laying aside her love, and all she held precious for his dear sake; she had accomplished his vindication, and had won back for him his wife, his honour, his home, his rank.

And the love of father and mother and husband were lavished upon her in passionate adoration.

The path of duty had led her to the crown of perfect joy and happiness.

[THE END.]

## TEA RAISING.

THE experiment of tea growing in America is one of the most interesting ever tried. Being successful in every way, the time has come to go beyond experiment and cultivate it on a large scale. In the Southern States, many people have raised tea successfully. It is a hardy shrub, like a thrifty evergreen. The ordinary height of the cultivated plant is from three to six feet, and we are told the wild growth reaches fifteen or twenty feet—in fact, a tree eight or ten inches in diameter. Tea is raised from small nuts or seeds. Three or four of these are dropped into a hole and covered with earth two or three inches deep. The weeds must be removed, of course, and at first a little shading is necessary until they are large enough to supply their own shade. They also require some pruning, and the leaves are not collected for use until the plant is three years old; when nine or ten years, they are cut down to make room for the young shoots.

Tea gathering, which takes place when the leaves are small, young and juicy, is a process of great niceness and delicacy; it requires delicate, clean, skilful hands; those of women and children are best fitted for the work, and each leaf must be plucked separately from the twig with great care, so as not to injure the young leaves just coming out.

After gathering, the process of preparation for use is quite elaborate in rolling, drying, clipping, and packing ready for transportation. They pack the tea while warm, in a box perfectly dry; the evaporation of water and the drying changes the colour to dark brown or black. Teas are named from the size and age of the leaf and the locality in which they are raised.

THE only wreath laid upon Victor Emmanuel's coffin, when it was walled up in the Tribune of the Pantheon, was that sent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The others were hung round the walls of the chamber

"Of Pierre Renaud?" breathed the lady, in surprise. "Then I was mistaken!"

"Did you think that the guard had belonged to some one other than Pierre Renaud?"

"Yes. I thought I had seen such a chain upon someone else years ago—upon Rowland Ingestre."

Alex told of her visit to the miller and her discoveries in that quarter, of her interviews with Mr. Dalton, and finally of the presence of a detective officer at the castle, under the name and guise of John Wilson, fireman.

Lady Vivian listened with most eager interest. And finally Alex rehearsed her earlier discovery of the hidden diamonds in the crypt of the ancient chapel and told of Renaud's examination of them.

"You did well to send for me, Alex," said Lady Vivian, when she had concluded. "I shall send a messenger to Mr. Dalton, begging him to come and see me this evening. I will consult with him; some plan must be arranged for Lord Stratford's Heron's vindication. That vindication shall be accomplished. I pray Heaven that poor Stratford may be alive to witness it!"

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Felicie attired her lovely mistress in a cream-coloured robe of richest silk, and put crimson roses in her hair and on her breast, Lady Vivian submitting passively, her thoughts upon the great subject that had brought her back to Clyffe-bourne.

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She led the way thither. The pursuers followed her.

Alex, with the strength of a mad creature, dashed past them all and flew up the stairs.

Lady Vivian, wondering and incredulous, followed, and the marquises and the rector brought up the rear.

The party trooped into Lady Vivian's boudoir, thence into her dressing-room.

The fugitive had heard the outcry, and knew that flight and hiding were vain. His hour was come!

He stood with folded arms in the glare of the fire-light, grand and noble, with his haughty features wearing an expression of calmness and sweetness singularly contrasting with the turmoil around him.

"There!" shrieked Lady Markham, pointing to him. "There is her accomplice!"

The fugitive smiled with an infinite sadness. He looked around upon them all, turning at bay, then his hand went quietly to his breast.

With a great cry, Alex flew to him, comprehending his purpose.

"Arrest him!" cried Pierre Renaud. "He is Lord Stratford Heron, the murderer of his brother!"

It needed not that assurance to complete Lady Vivian's recognition of the husband of her youth.

Since the moment of entering the room she had stood spell-bound.

The lapse of years, the inevitable change of time and sorrow, the slight disguise, none nor all of these could blind her eyes to his identity. With her hands clasped above her heart she stared at him wildly.

The inspectors made a rush toward him.

"Stand back!" cried Lord Stratford Heron, drawing a revolver, his voice stern and authoritative. "I will not be taken alive!"

The men recoiled before his awful eyes, blazing with lightning, before the awful beauty of his face, upon which the very shadow of death might seem to linger.

"Stand back!" said the magistrate, in a voice only less stern. "Lay not your hands upon him, my men. But arrest Pierre Renaud there, against whom I have a warrant, and whom I accuse of the murder of the late Marquis of Mountheron."

A profound silence succeeded.

Mr. Dalton exhibited his warrant. The two Mount Heron constables advanced upon the valet, who retreated before them in rage and dismay.

"On what evidence do you dare accuse me of Lord Mountheron's murder?" he demanded.

Alex stepped forward, her blue eyes aflame.

"I saw you looking at your hidden diamonds in the crypt of the old chapel of Mount Heron," she declared, "and I can guide the officers to



their place of concealment. I found a portion of gold watch-guard in the carvings of the bedstead of the murdered marquis. You have the remainder of the chain in your jewel case. How will you account for your wealth."

Pierre Renaud made a dash toward her, but the four policemen cast themselves upon him and held him powerless. He was instantly handcuffed.

"There is yet stronger evidence," said Mr. Dalton. "The miller, Jacob Gregg, has confessed."

A moaning cry came from Lord Mountheron. He was ghastly, and looked the picture of cowardly terror.

"Whatever comes to me, you'll share it, my fine master!" exclaimed Pierre Renaud. "Arrest him too, Mr. Dalton. He's as thick in the mud as I am in the mire!"

"Here is the order for the arrest of Rowland Ingestre," said Mr. Dalton, displaying it. "Arrest him, my men."

But Rowland Ingestre, so long known as Lord Mountheron, burst from the detaining grasp of John Wilson, and went flying down the staircase and out into the night.

He was pursued and ran to the edge of the cliff.

Whether he hoped to escape in that direction, and lost his foothold, or whether he intended thus to destroy himself, can never be known, but he went whirling off into the black space, and his anguished cry was borne back on the wind to the ears of his pursuers.

Five minutes later they picked him up on the rocks below, a mangled corpse.

While he was thus meeting his doom, Mr. Dalton had taken Lord Stratford Heron by the hand and given him a warm and affectionate greeting.

"I have sent full particulars of the miller's confession and the other proofs of Ingestre's and Renaud's guilt and your innocence to the Home Secretary," he said, "and have asked for a full pardon for you, Lord Stratford—or a reversal of the sentence and judgment against you. While awaiting this pardon, you can stay here or at Mount Heron Castle. I will leave two constables in the house, as a matter of form, that I may not seem to err in my duty as magistrate, but your name shall be cleared: it is cleared; and you are virtually free! I congratulate you, Lord Stratford, while I give you my sympathy for the unmerited wrongs that have wrecked your life."

Lord Stratford Heron wrung the rector's hand. Then his gaze reverted yearningly to the Lady Vivian. How magnificently beautiful she was in her southern loveliness! She had not spoken one word to him yet, but her dusky eyes devoured his face.

"I will go to the castle," said Lord Stratford; "but, first, have you no word for me, Vivian?" She moved nearer to him.

He opened his arms.

Without a word she sprang into his embrace, and in that blessed reunion all misunderstandings were forgotten, and the passionate regrets of many years were obliterated.

It was many minutes before either could speak.

In the glorious joy of that reunion they forgot that they were not alone, until Lady Markham's voice broke the stillness.

"You seem to forget, Vivian, that you are not Lord Stratford's wife, that you are divorced from him. He has found a newer lover—this girl here."

Lady Vivian withdrew herself from Lord Stratford's arms and looked at Alex.

"Who is she?" she questioned.

"Does not your heart tell you, Vivian?" he answered.

"Who is she?" repeated Lady Vivian, deathly pale.

"Vivian," said Lord Stratford Heron—no, the Marquis of Mountheron, for such was his lawful title—"the little child you buried was not your child."

"Not mine?" gasped Lady Vivian.

"No. I heard that you were divorced from me, and about to marry again, and in my mad-

ness and loneliness, I went to Nice, and stole from you our child. She has been with me ever since, the noblest, truest, bravest daughter Heaven ever gave to man. She is not Alex Strange, Vivian, but your little Augusta, your own daughter—yours and mine!"

It is said that joy never kills. It is well that it is so, else Lady Vivian Clyffe could not have survived that night.

We will not dwell upon the reunion of the father, mother and child. It was too sacred for description.

Pierre Renaud was taken from the room, and these three were left together to a bliss which few souls know on earth.

Not one of the three retired that night, and after an hour or two, good Mr. Dalton came in to keep them company.

The next morning, the young Earl of Kingscourt, who had arrived at Mount Heron the previous evening, drove over to Clyffe-bourne, and was made a sharer in Alex's delight. His surprise in finding his Greek host, Mr. Strange, in Lord Mountheron may be imagined.

One of the first things done by Mr. Dalton that day, was to procure a special licence to marry Lord Mountheron and Lady Vivian Clyffe, and the marriage took place before noon.

The news of Lord Stratford Heron's return was telegraphed over England, and created the wildest excitement.

The new marquis, by the earnest solicitation of the Duke of Clyffe-bourne, remained at Clyffe-bourne until his honour had been fully vindicated, and the last shadow had been cleared from his name.

He had not long to wait.

The trial of Pierre Renaud on the charge of murder took place without delay.

The evidence against him and his dead master was overwhelming.

Jacob Gregg, the miller, testified that on the night of the murder of the late marquis he had left the castle at ten minutes to two in the morning; that, in passing across the upper terrace, he had seen a man against the window, and that that man was Rowland Ingestre!

He swore, also, that in continuing his journey to his home, he had seen Lord Stratford Heron in the park, walking to and fro, absorbed in himself—thus completely establishing Lord Stratford's own former defence.

The miller declared that he had accused Ingestre of the murder, and had been paid to keep silent.

He had believed that Lord Stratford could not be convicted; after his lordship's conviction he had not dared to speak.

The case was very black against Renaud, and he recognised the fact, and, by advice of his own counsel, pleaded guilty.

He made confession, too, throwing the blame upon Ingestre.

He said that the marquis, on the night of the murder, had thrown him, Renaud, downstairs, disfiguring him for life. He had openly vowed to be revenged.

Late that night Ingestre had come to him, told him of pecuniary difficulties, and hired him to murder his master.

He and Ingestre had committed the murder between them, and he had taken half the marquis's diamonds for his share of the plunder, Ingestre taking the other half.

He and Ingestre, who had hated Lord Stratford Heron, had then contrived the proofs of guilt which should fix the crime upon the latter, and so bring Ingestre one step nearer the succession to the Mountheron title and estates. He also declared that Ingestre and he had contrived a scheme to kill the baby marchioness, but that scheme had been frustrated by her supposed death at Nice.

Lord Mountheron was "pardoned" for the crime he had not committed, and restored to his former rights and privileges.

The Queen sent him an autograph letter expressing her sympathy for his wrongs, and her joy at his vindication, and he became the lion of the day.

Congratulations poured in upon him, invita-

tions followed, and he found himself quite a hero.

The day after Pierre Renaud expiated his crime upon the gallows, Lord Mountheron, the beautiful Marchioness, and Lady Augusta Heron returned to Mount Heron Castle in state.

The tenantry made a great festival in their honour, and loud rejoicings.

Lord Kingscourt was there, all smiles and happiness.

He was there again three months later as a joyful bridegroom, and Alex was the happy bride.

The Hon. Bertie Knollys and Capt. Wilbraham served as groomsmen. The village wore a festal air.

The Mount Heron Arms was festooned with evergreens.

The bride received an Indian shawl as a present from the Queen, and cases of jewels and articles of rare value from hosts of noble friends, but dearer to her were the offerings of the Mount Heron and Kingscourt tenantry, and most precious of all was her father's grateful blessing.

Not one of all those, high or low of estate, who had been kind to her were forgotten by her in her prosperity, or unrewarded.

She had been faithful to her duty to her father through everything, laying aside her love, and all she held precious for his dear sake; she had accomplished his vindication, and had won back for him his wife, his honour, his home, his rank.

And the love of father and mother and husband were lavished upon her in passionate adoration.

The path of duty had led her to the crown of perfect joy and happiness.

[THE END.]

## TEA RAISING.

THE experiment of tea growing in America is one of the most interesting ever tried. Being successful in every way, the time has come to go beyond experiment and cultivate it on a large scale. In the Southern States, many people have raised tea successfully. It is a hardy shrub, like a thrifty evergreen. The ordinary height of the cultivated plant is from three to six feet, and we are told the wild growth reaches fifteen or twenty feet—in fact, a tree eight or ten inches in diameter. Tea is raised from small nuts or seeds. Three or four of these are dropped into a hole and covered with earth two or three inches deep. The weeds must be removed, of course, and at first a little shading is necessary until they are large enough to supply their own shade. They also require some pruning, and the leaves are not collected for use until the plant is three years old; when nine or ten years, they are cut down to make room for the young shoots.

Tea gathering, which takes place when the leaves are small, young and juicy, is a process of great niceness and delicacy; it requires delicate, clean, skilful hands; those of women and children are best fitted for the work, and each leaf must be plucked separately from the twig with great care, so as not to injure the young leaves just coming out.

After gathering, the process of preparation for use is quite elaborate in rolling, drying, clipping, and packing ready for transportation. They pack the tea while warm, in a box perfectly dry; the evaporation of water and the drying changes the colour to dark brown or black. Teas are named from the size and age of the leaf and the locality in which they are raised.

THE only wreath laid upon Victor Emmanuel's coffin, when it was walled up in the Tribune of the Pantheon, was that sent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The others were hung round the walls of the chamber

## A CHEAP COMMODITY.

ADVICE is cheap, consequently, many people are fond of giving it away. "If he had only taken my advice," says Mr. Wisacre, "things might have been different." True, they might have been much worse. For do we not all know, or believe we know, our own affairs, our own necessities, our own desires, better than any other mortal can ever know them, even though that other may be our most intimate friend?

And no matter how unreserved our confidence, how frank our admission regarding the circumstances in which we are placed, will there not always be some point or points on which we cannot be fully explicit to any human ear? So, even while we imagine that we have perfectly explained our own position, or have as perfectly comprehended the situation of another, some detail will always be wanting, whose omission changes the whole case; perhaps makes the counsel which seemed so judicious entirely impracticable.

Don't worry yourself then, over the good advice so often wasted on your friends, but try to remember that as you never can occupy their exact standpoint, so you never can be an infallible judge of their proper conduct. To be sure, in some cases, your advice may be necessary; give it then humbly, not arrogantly, and be content that it is accepted even with reluctance; for advice, at best, is a nauseous pill to swallow.

## THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

WHAT is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbours because they have nothing else to talk about. There comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home; we have met them at the galleries of art; we have caught glimpses of them going from a bookseller's or a library with a fresh volume in their hands.

When we meet them they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbour's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could talk as well as they could talk.

They are free of a neighbour's doings and belongings would have seemed impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbours formed a subject much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart, and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal profession, either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty pastime.

There are country neighbourhoods where it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbours are made enemies for life by it. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

## HEALTH.

It is a treasure, the seasoner of all the blessings of life. Without it, what can we enjoy, what can we accomplish? If we possessed all the honours of the world, all the gold which has

been extracted from the mines of California, we could not enjoy them only in proportion as we have health; their value is diminished if health declines. With health, other things being equal, we can accomplish almost everything we undertake. We can travel from star to star, we can dive into the depths of the earth, explore its dark regions, and bring up the hidden mysteries which it contains.

To take such a course as will insure health to an advanced age, is a proof of wisdom. We were placed in the world to be useful; and the longer we remain in it, the more good we shall accomplish, if we are endeavouring to answer the end for which we were created. To preserve our health, or regain it if lost, is to prolong or regain life. One eminent physiologist has said that, "health is life," hence to impair the former, is to destroy the latter, and all its pleasures, and we lie down in a premature grave.

I have no doubt, reader, but that you are to-day indulging the hope that you will live to the age of three score years and ten; meanwhile, you wish to enjoy life and health. Well, if life is desirable—health valuable—what consummate folly it is to trifle with them, as if they were worthless things! How many have let ambition blind their judgment until their health is lost, perhaps never to be found? Many there are, who are unwilling to work only with speed; consequently, they exert every muscle and nerve, until their strength is nearly exhausted, often laying the foundation of a disease which nothing but death can subdue.

"Oh but," says one, "I can't help it, I have a large family to care for, and I am obliged to work every day, and night too, sometimes." Well, work on, but remember that death will summons you before long, to a final reckoning, and send you into the future world, and you must go alone; your family cannot accompany you. They must remain and struggle with an unfriendly world, without your aid or counsel. Health abusers, investigate the laws of health, then practice them.

LET THE CHILDREN ALONE!—Children are children as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat that sits purring before the fire does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry.

BOOTH.—One of the highest compliments Edwin Booth ever received was paid him by an old negro woman, a family servant, who went to see a performance of "Richard III." during Booth's visit to Savannah. Giving her impression of the play to her mistress next day, she expressed the greatest concern for the health of the actor. "Poor old man," said she, "he can't last long; dat cough 'll carry him to his grave, shuah."

MR. WATTS has made considerable progress in modelling the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, the Norman Earl of Chester, which is to be erected in bronze in that city. We described the original design for this work some time since. The work now on view is a modification of the previous one, and represents the earl seated on the horse, reining him in, so that the animal is partly pressed backwards, while he strives to advance, pawing with one hoof, the other firmly planted in front—a rapid and entirely spontaneous action, which is very vigorously expressed. The rider, holding the bridle firmly with his left hand, raises his right hand to his face, shades his eyes with it, and looks intently forward, as if in strong sunlight. This work cannot be ready for the next Academy Exhibition, and will probably appear in the year 1880.

PRESENT OF MIND.—Here is a hint for our old friend the clown in the pantomime. At the burning of a provision shop, the crowd helped themselves freely. One man grasped a huge cheese as his share of the salvage; rising up

with it, he found himself face to face with a policeman, and with admirable presence of mind put the plunder in the policeman's arms, saying, "You had better take care of that, policeman, or someone will be walking off with it."

## SO VERY WILFUL.

It was the last day of March, but nevertheless there was a feeling in the air as of spring.

There was an earthy smell as of the cracking of soil and the striking anew of roots about the gardens; there was a twitter of birds on the branches of the leafless trees; there was a stir and vitality also among the promenaders. Men and women sauntered along, taking more time to look at each other.

To-day the fine world expanded into smiles, and the ragged world looked on from street-crossings which they kept clean, and from corners where they drove up and down, and from corners where they begged an alms.

Beggars and street-sweepers drove a brisk trade to-day.

The weather put one in sympathy with giving.

Presently a loud, clear, sweet voice rang out upon the public thoroughfare; a strong, rich contralto, supported by a baritone which served as a background for the more striking tones. The gay throng paused, looked about them, lingered. A man and a woman advanced with rapid steps, he with bowed head—blind; she with a simple, fine unconsciousness, her arm passed within her companion's, her head erect, her thrilling voice rolling out on the tranquil softness the rare, spring-like day.

The fine world stared, listened, exclaimed, passed on, or fell back. The woman held a cup in her hand, into which a few persons dropped coins.

There was, perhaps, but one soul in the crowd to whom that woman's voice came as a message.

This was a girl, who was walking alone, and who, as the first notes of the song struck on her ear, returned upon her steps to meet the singers.

She stood listening with bated breath; her eyes were dim with tears. She fell back into a little knot of idlers, vagabonds, and waited until the song had passed her and had died away in the distance.

Suddenly she bethought herself, however; fished a sixpence out of her pocket; dropped it into the cup, and so was recalled to the commonplace aspect of the thing.

She sighed and returned to every-day life, glanced about her casually, noticed into what a squalid and dirty neighbourhood she had fallen, and walked on. A young man joined her on the moment.

"Oh, did you hear them? Who were they?" with misty eyes and wavering colour.

"Peasants—either real or counterfeit. Alsatians."

"Yes. Driven from their dear country. Obligated to earn their bread in a foreign land. I see it all."

"I've no doubt the man is bad; and the woman—"

"How can you? Poor soul, he was blind. And she! I only wish you could have heard the gratitude which she threw into her 'Thanks, mademoiselle,' when I gave her a little money."

"Of course. Part of her trade."

Viva turned from him impatiently.

"I can't endure you to talk in that way, Dudley."

"Then, my angel, I will not. But what a queer crowd you were in when I came up: you the only individual with gloves on."

"I am sorry I had to be the exception. I hate gloves. They are a badge of social bondage. I wish I could be as free as air, like that peasant-woman, and use my glorious gift untrammelled by custom."

These two were engaged lovers, ideally beauti-



ful and young and strong. They looked enough alike to be brother and sister, except that Dudley Wallace was dark and colourless where Viva's complexion, as the old saying goes, vied with the roses and lilies.

Both had heavy, dark hair; broad, low brows; changing hazel-brown eyes. There was also about them both a vivacity and expression which one associates with the Latin races.

"I am coming for you to-night to go to Mrs. Thornton's with me," Dudley said at Viva's door. "You needn't. I don't want to go. I am tired of parties. Everything is so dull."

"As you please. I am awfully busy. Twenty pages to read up."

Dudley, to tell the truth, was too hard pressed for time to find things dull. He was reading law under greater disadvantages than most men, combining that with the duties of a shorthand reporter. He added:

"I'll call for you to-morrow evening to go to church," and, shaking hands, walked rapidly away.

Viva stood looking after him with a discontented look deepening on her face.

Since Dudley had agreed so readily to give up Mrs. Thornton's party, she began to think she wanted to go.

Dudley was put out about something; it did not occur to her that her own testiness might be the cause. Ah, well, if she chose to be cross, so be it.

Being engaged was not half as exciting as she had expected; and as to being married! Dear, dear!

Must she go on doing everything exactly like everybody else all the way through to the end of the chapter.

She went on her way to her own room chanting, but, in an undercurrent of thought, she at the same time decided that she would go to Mrs. Thornton's, and come home with the Luce girls. There was her pink tarlatan all ready to wear. It would be no duller than staying at home, at all events.

She went. But the Luce girls were not there, so that Viva would have to accept the protection of one of the young men present; several of these young men hovered about her all the evening.

Viva was no exception to the rule of handsome girls: she never lacked admirers.

Mrs. Thornton begged her to sing, and every one stopped to listen; she had a glorious voice, and so a great many persons told her. To-night she accepted these praises listlessly.

After all, what did it amount to? Dilettante, society singing sandwiched between dancing and flirting.

"May I have the pleasure of walking home with you, Miss Viva?" asked Frank Swift, eagerly, when the party was breaking up.

"Certainly," Viva said, and went up to the dressing-room for her cloak.

"Frank, we're ready!" cried Mr. Swift's three sisters, from the end of the hall.

Whereupon, Frank entered into an eager explanation, of which Viva had the full benefit. How she regretted having come without Dudley, who had no encumbrances!

"What on earth did you ask her for?" chorused the indignant three. "You knew we had no one to go with us."

"I forgot. Upon my soul, I forgot all about you girls. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go home first with Miss Stoddard, and then I'll come back for you. Do hush! Don't talk so loud. There she is on the stairs."

Viva was on the point of relinquishing her claims, when there was a chorus from the Misses Swift of:

"Oh, Benny, how glad we are to see you," as a stray cousin drifted out of the parlour. "We thought you had gone. We've no one to go home with us. Never were so glad to see any one. You'll go home with us, won't you?"

Benny was only too happy. He was in love with his youngest cousin. When Viva reappeared cloaked, Mr. Frank Swift was the only representative of his family.

He was a young man given to sentiment, especially on occasion of moonlight strolls.

He bent his head over Viva with an appearance of lover-like devotion, and crowded an immense deal of nonsense into the space of ten minutes' walk.

Dudley Wallace, after several hours' close reading, had plunged out into the night air, to cool his fevered brain.

Turning a corner suddenly, he brought up against Viva, with her rose-coloured train tossed over her arm, her face inclined towards young Swift's, and Frank Swift himself, with his elaborate attitude of gallantry.

Dudley took in the picture instantaneously, as one does. But he said "Good-evening" in a hard, mechanical voice—as one also does—and passed on.

So this was why Viva had refused to go with himself.

However, after twenty-four hours of agitating reflection, he decided to give Viva, at all events, the opportunity to make an explanation, and he called for her, according to agreement, the following evening to go to church.

Viva was ready for him, fully expecting him. She was deficient in that kind of imagination which would have made her guess at Dudley's state of mind.

She had changed her mind, that was all, as she carelessly stated to her lover when he intimated to her something of his surprise at seeing her in party attire in the street the night before.

Dudley was irritated. His head ached, and he was in no amiable mood. He made some hasty and petulant rejoinder, which Viva resented and endeavoured to avenge during two long streets, bootlessly; her powers of repartee had deserted her.

Dudley always had the advantage of her there. They reached St. Paul's, she still under this cloud of disadvantage.

Service had begun, and they were shown into an empty pew. Viva dropped on her knees, with at least the form of reverence. When she rose, the congregation as well as the choir were singing. Viva's brow contracted, and she stared uneasily about her.

"Dudley," she said, "I can't help it; but those women will drive me crazy with their squalling, those women in the pew behind us. I can't worship while they are piping in that wild way."

Dudley saw that she was in earnest.

"Well? What will you do? I see no other seats."

"I do. The second pew from the front. There are only two men there."

"There are three."

"I can't stand this."

She rose, and there was nothing for him to do but to lead the way into the aisle. Viva walked up to the pew she had indicated. It was as Dudley had said; there was only room for one more. But the young man nearest her moved out, and the young man next to him followed suit, and Viva entered, with no distinct sensation than one of pleasure at having carried her point.

Glancing up, she discovered that there still remained at the head of the pew Mr. Frank Swift, whose presence she casually acknowledged.

Meanwhile Dudley had retreated to a dim and distant corner; and contemporaneously also the two gentlemen who had given way to Viva, under the impression that her companion would follow her.

In a moment or so, however, one of the two returns. He has evidently left something behind him. He is a nervous man and a shy, and he pursues his search under great disadvantages. He is unsuccessful, and departs.

He returns after a second's interval, and makes another investigation on the floor of the pew. Viva moves up a yard or so, but his search is unavailing even on this enlarged field. He retires, and Viva abandons herself to the delight of listening to the glorious choir of voices alternately strong and fresh. But the unhappy man is back again.

Meanwhile Viva's shawl has slipped off the

back of the pew she occupies, into the next one.

Someone picks it up and hands it to the wretched discoverer.

He rejects it in despair; then, at his worst, he lights upon the object of his search—a stove-pipe hat—which he seizes and makes off with.

"Why couldn't he have waited until service was over?" asks Viva of Frank Swift, utterly ignoring the fact that she was the original cause of all this commotion.

Meanwhile Dudley has put his own construction on Viva's bad breeding.

It was quite sufficient for him to see her with Frank Swift! Puppy! Well—if she fancied that style of man!

He walked home with her in gloomy silence, intensified by Viva's remarking, in an abstracted way:

"The service was delightful after people finally simmered down and stepped moving about. By the way, what became of you?"

"I took refuge in a low seat with those two men you turned out of their high seat."

"It was their own doing."

"It was very awkward."

"Do not let us quarrel," she said. "It is quite unnecessary for you to put your feelings into hard words. I have read them plainly enough for the last day or two."

"What in the name of common sense do you mean?"

"Only, that when we part to-night, I propose that we part as lovers for the last time, and meet again merely as friends, or as acquaintances."

She drew off her glove, and then a ring he had given her, which she put into his hand. He took it, too irritated to be very sorry or to have any distinct feeling except displeasure. At her door he said good-night, and left her.

It would be hard to imagine a more friendless lot than Viva Stoddard's.

She was an orphan, living with her step-mother, who had married again.

The little money that Viva had inherited from her father had melted away by mismanagement, bad investments, and so on.

Her step-mother had given her to understand that she could always have a home with her, and because it was hard to tear herself away from her almost lifelong associations, and because she was ignorant and had no notion where else to turn, she had lived on and on, wretchedly unhappy, snubbed, imposed upon, in the uncongenial atmosphere which was all she could call home.

She certainly more than paid her way. She was a clever, well-educated girl, and she carried on the education of her two little step-sisters.

At odd times she sewed on the machine—she had a talent for dressmaking, which Mrs. Ayres turned to good account.

It was to this daily drudgery and unkindness that Viva returned, after dismissing her lover. Perhaps she returned in a less placable mood than usual; her heart was sore and her nerves unstrung.

On Monday morning, when Mrs. Ayres called upon her to finish an elaborate piece of work, in addition to the usual routine of lessons, Viva rebelled.

High words followed. Viva spoke out of the abundance of an overcharged soul.

Mrs. Ayres reproached her with her dependent position; she goaded Viva on with sneers and jeers.

Viva, in desperation, took the rash step which she had sometimes dreamed of as an escape from her bondage.

She told Mrs. Ayres that she would leave her house.

An hour later, her slender wardrobe was packed, and she was on her way to Hastings. Here she stopped perforce.

She had spent almost all her money. By hook or by crook, she must earn more before proceeding farther.

She walked into the ladies' waiting-room, in uncertainty where to spend the night. A placard caught her eye: "Lodging for Friendless Women."



[A CAPRICE.]

Viva presented herself, and was received and given a night's lodging.

It was the shabbiest of respectable places. Viva laid down on a narrow iron bed, in a room with three other narrow iron beds. She tossed and turned all night.

Her troubles and perplexities took the distorted shapes that troubles and perplexities are apt to assume in the night watches.

Finally toward morning she fell into an uneasy slumber; but before she slept she had resolved what to do on the morrow.

She had been haunted all these days by the recollection of the street-singer.

She had always longed to do something out of the way and interesting. She was not accountable to anyone now.

She would please herself in her choice of ways of bread-earning.

Doing as that other woman had done would be as easy a way as any she could think of. She had made up her mind to go on southward, because Mrs. Ayres had relations and friends in the north who might find her out and fetter her steps.

So when the next day dawned grey and dull Viva adhered to her resolution, in spite of the fact that to its performance sunshine seemed somehow indispensable.

She had inquired the name of the principal street, and now made her way there. She came to a halt at a fruit-stand at a corner.

Her spirits had given out entirely, but she was determined to carry out her programme.

A little old woman sat on a stool behind a fruit-stand. To her Viva addressed herself.

"May I leave my valise here for a while. Will you take care of it for me?"

The old woman nodded assent. Viva took off her hat and gloves. "And will you take care of these, too?" at this point producing a few coppers.

The old woman accepted the compliment. "You'll be taking cold," she added, however.

Whereupon Viva pulled up the hood of her waterproof with icy fingers.

The street was beginning to throng, chiefly with men hurrying to their business. Several passers-by cast glances that were admiring as well as curious upon Viva.

And no wonder—pale, eager face, parted red lips, clear-shining eyes.

Suddenly—mechanically—as though she had gone through the same performance long before, the girl stepped forward, and extending her hand, in which was a cheap crockery cup she had bought on her way from her lodging-house—her French model had held one made in an odd shape of tin—she began to sing.

In the awkwardness of a first effort, she found it impossible to step out with the unconscious simplicity of the Alsatian, and to carry her song up and down the street.

Nay, to her great surprise she was seized with a strange dizziness and mistiness; the people before her grew indistinct; her own voice sounded far off and strange.

She had chosen a little Italian ballad which

suitied her admirably. A semi-circle gathered around her, and when she ceased there was a rapt pause.

Viva drew a long breath. She could not forget why she was singing. She glanced down at the shabby cup in her hand. It was empty. She took a step or two forward, holding it out.

There was a critical response. People pitied this pale girl with the sad eyes and thrilling voice.

Then Viva sang again, to a larger audience this time. But at the close of her song she distinguished a face in the crowd which she had seen in town.

She was possessed by a dread of being recognised, doubtless an inartistic weakness.

She struck a false note, alas—and became mute. Another pause; then a second liberal donation. But Viva felt it was *alma*. She had made a failure, a wretched failure.

The crowd lingered a moment; stared, passed on, and—forgot her. A melancholy drizzle had set in. Umbrellas engrossed the moment. Art was a minor consideration, even when represented by a pretty girl.

Viva retired behind the fruit-stand and counted her earnings, with the miserable, wide-awake feeling of having survived an illusion. But at least she had made money enough to pursue her journey a little farther.

She presented the old market-woman with her cup, pinned up her skirts, resumed her hat, and made the best of her way to the station.

She sank into a seat in the train, chill and depressed. Her standard was not that of the apple-woman, whose parting words had been:

"Well, you've made a good morning's work. Some folks is born to luck."

To have broken down. And how they had stared. And then the dismal rain; and now her dragged skirts. Oh, if she need never speak to anyone again.

That was a short journey; the locomotive ran off the track. The rear carriage, in which Viva was, was thrown violently down an embankment and overturned. Viva was hurled against a projecting piece of wood, and instantly lost consciousness.

Some time afterwards she was found lying still insensible. They lifted her with faces of horror, thinking she was dead. They carried her to the nearest house, and sent for a doctor, who applied restoratives, and gradually gave her back to animation, but not to consciousness.

She lay for hours between life and death. The shock she had received, added to the excitement she had passed through recently, had produced a high fever—fever of the brain.

As a matter of course, the strangers about her searched among her belongings for some trace of the name of her home and friends. The only clue they could find was a little note from Dudley Wallace in the pocket of a dress in her valise, where it had been tucked away since the day she had received it.

This note was signed in full, and dated from Dudley's office, street and number given. To Dudley then the doctor in attendance on Viva first wrote, then telegraphed, as Viva grew rapidly worse.

All this which I have chronicled of Viva was crowded into a few hours' time, during which Dudley's life had wagged on as usual. He had imposed duty on duty, in order to try to forget his love troubles.

As a matter of course, he did not present himself at Mrs. Ayres', so that he knew nothing of Viva's departure from there, until the astounding letter and telegram arrived almost simultaneously.

What could it mean? He found that he would have time to exchange a word with Mrs. Ayres, before the next train started. He hurried there, and was told that Viva had left home three days ago. Beyond this, Mrs. Ayres could tell him nothing. She raised her shoulders and her eyebrows, and looked unutterable things.



"I am quite sure, at all events, that she is not in need," she added. "She went well supplied with money and clothing. Viva has a very bad temper. She left home after a most unpleasant ebullition, which was, I regret to say, by no means unprecedented."

All this fell on deaf ears. Dudley had a far off impression that there were two Vivas, and that this woman was speaking to him about someone whom he did not know at all. And in truth this hard, cruel step-mother did not even know where his Viva was. She was lost but to him. He would find her and comfort her and care for her, and she need never see these people again.

Minna Ayres—relationships were mixed in this family; Minna was another step-daughter of Mrs. Ayres, but connected by no tie of blood or marriage with Viva—followed Dudley out of the room and into the hall.

"Mother may say what she pleases," she said, in a hurried whisper, "but Viva did not go off well supplied with money. She could not have had more than fifteen shillings. Are you going to look for her?"

"Yes. I have heard where she is."

"Mother is really very frightened about her, although she attempts to carry the war into the enemy's country," proceeded Minna. "And I have been frightfully anxious. In quarrels of this sort, of course there is blame on both sides. We all of us might have been more patient and forbearing; poor Viva was worse off than any of us, because she felt that she had less right here than any of the rest. Mr. Wallace, do tell me what you know of Viva."

Whereupon, Dudley showed her the letter he had received from the doctor. Then he hurried off, running all the way to the train.

He found Viva at death's door, but still alive.

"I begin to have a glimmer of light for the first time," said the doctor. "This morning I did not see how she could possibly recover. She has evidently been labouring under some severe mental excitement, which we have to thank for the aggravation of her fever, superinduced, moreover, by the shock of the accident day before yesterday, and the blow she received then. See her? You can see her certainly; but remember that her life depends upon her being kept quiet. I presume you are a relative?"

Dudley bowed.

"Almost the only friend she has in the world."

"I beg your pardon—but do you know of any reasons why seeing you should cause excitement—should agitate her?"

"I am afraid such reasons exist," Dudley answered, as in the confessional. "Miss Stoddard will explain to you what they are herself, if she pleases. I can only say that I am here as her protector. I know of no other whom she can call upon."

Then he added:

"We were to be married. I would gladly make her my wife this day, this hour, if I might, and so give her a legal claim to my protection."

"Ah! a lovers' quarrel," was the doctor's free rendering of this.

Aloud:

"I think I understand. But for the present it is imperative that she be kept free from all agitating causes. I consider her surprisingly better. Yesterday, at this hour, I had no idea that she would still be living. I assure you that she has the very best care and nursing."

"And I assure you that I do not doubt it. Another thing. I believe she is penniless. Will you use this to defray her immediate expenses?"

And Dudley handed over the earnings of a fortnight with the air of a duke.

"I will stay on until she is out of danger, in your opinion. Then, I presume, you will permit me to see her?"

"Certainly, certainly," adding, with a half-smile, "always taking the young lady's consent for granted."

But Dudley did not smile in return. A dis-

trust of Viva—of this strange, domineering doctor—of the landlady, who came in and out and seemed to know so much more of Viva than he did himself, fell upon him.

He appeared to be separated from Viva by a wall that grew ever steeper and steeper. Would he ever see her again?

He plunged out into the driving sleet and rain, and walked for hours and hours, as the only means at hand for drowning dull care. Perhaps when he came in again the doctor would withdraw his interdiction.

But, no. When he came in he was told that the young lady was asleep.

Her doctor had paid his last visit, and had left strict orders that she was not to be disturbed.

Dudley submitted to his fate with a sufficiently ill grace.

The next morning the doctor sought the young man, as he walked impatiently up and down the chilly waiting-room of the station.

"Our patient is decidedly better again this morning," he began. I think I may safely say that she is out of danger, without raising false hopes."

Dudley grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

"I owe you a debt that I can never repay," he said. "You have been the means of saving to me the great blessing of my life."

"Be as grateful as you please," laughed the doctor. "Say as many pleasant things as occur to you; because I foresee that I will put your good-feeling to a severe test. I cannot remove my interdiction; I would not like to be responsible for the result if our patient were to be excited at this stage of her recovery."

"I only wish to see her. I assure you I will not say more than a word. You may trust me."

"I will give you my candid advice. Leave her to us for a while. I think we can do more for her than you can for the present. Go back to your office; possess your soul in patience. When I think it is advisable for you to see our young friend, I will write for you. Should any change occur in her condition, I will telegraph. I realise that to a young man like yourself time is money. You ought not to be away from your business unnecessarily."

"Yes. Time is money, as you say; and I am under engagements to others which make it absolutely imperative for me to return. But it is not possible for me to go without seeing her. There is one thing that I value more than any other earthly thing—time or money or aught else—"

Here Dudley's voice, in its excitement, broke. "And valuing it as you do, you could not afford to be its destruction; as you would be, if you had your own way."

"Doctor, I must see her."

"Then you shall see her; but only see her. She is asleep now. You shall go into the room with me before I go, and see her, if you will promise me to leave afterwards by the first train that passes this."

Dudley promised; but this doctor was so frank, so sympathetic, so whole-souled, that his distrust rolled off his soul like mist.

"It is a great deal to ask, but will you write or telegraph me every day?"

"Every day, or every hour."

So it was agreed. Dudley followed the doctor up the creaking stairs—down a narrow, dark passage. They stopped at the door of a room. The doctor turned the handle, and looked in cautiously; then motioned to Dudley, who breathlessly stole forward and gazed into a darkened room, so darkened that he could at first distinguish no objects.

Gradually he could make out someone rocking back and forth in a chair at the foot of the bed: the landlady. Presently an outline on the bed. It stirred a hand, turned restlessly, and Dudley recognised the dear, dear face, from which the soft rings of dark hair were combed back and heaped up in a high knot. She uttered a little sigh.

"She must not see you," said the doctor, and pulled him away.

"She looks so fearfully changed," gasped Dudley. "Doctor, I can't go."

"I have given you my conscientious conviction as to her condition," said the doctor. "And in return you gave me your word that you would leave her to my care, until I considered it safe for her to see you. I tell you her life depends upon her being kept perfectly quiet."

Altogether, it was little short of a miracle that this doctor succeeded in getting rid of Dudley. I will tell you, my reader, that he was not guided in the course he took in this matter altogether by his own unassisted judgment. That morning, in Viva's room, he had purposely conducted a conversation with the landlady in the patient's hearing, in which he had alluded to the possibility of that young lady's friends finding her out.

Viva had instantly manifested great excitement. She had tossed uneasily on her pillow, and had finally whispered eagerly, in her weak voice:

"Don't let anyone come to me—anyone who ever knew me before. It will kill me if they come. They have all been so unkind."

The doctor soothed her and reassured her. But he also made up his mind that she was right, and that it would kill her if she were subjected to any exciting interviews.

To be sure, Dudley might have been made an exception, if the doctor had known all, and how, at the very bottom of the girl's heart, her thoughts turned to him, and wondered if he knew where she was, and whether he would care. At the very bottom of her heart.

But floating on the surface of her memories and fears and resentments, his name was mingled with all the disliked names of those who had driven her out into the world—to suffer and to ache and to moan.

Like most of us, Viva blamed herself less than anyone else for the troubles that had come upon her. And the mastering thought with her was that she never wanted to see any of them again.

So Dudley went, and the kind, fussy landlady, and the kind, clever doctor took care of her, and continued pouring oil and balm into her wounds until they were healed. They took a genuine fancy to her.

She was so pretty, so helpless, so grateful, so engaging.

Mrs. Ayres would never in the world have recognised her step-daughter in the girl as these people had learned to know her.

The doctor brought his wife to see Viva, and she also straightway lost her heart. And to her Viva, for the first time, opened hers.

She was well enough to talk by this time, and having once unburdened herself she grew better still, especially as she found in the doctor's wife a firm friend and ally in assisting her to carry out her plans.

These chiefly consisted in never going back to her step-mother's—in never seeing any of those Ayres' again—those hateful Ayres, who had made her so wretched.

Meanwhile she must support herself; or at least she must find means of livelihood.

Viva's ideas had undergone a transformation.

A week ago she wanted to be a wandering singer; now her heart went out towards an altogether different existence.

The child now longed for the cloistered life. It seemed to her that all the wounds of her life would be healed, if only she could say her prayers every day in the chapel of some Sisterhood, wearing a cap and a serge gown, and with a cross on her breast.

She was so earnest that she infected the doctor's wife with her earnestness, and induced her to help on her cause.

The doctor's wife had a cousin who was at the head of a community of Sisters.

Just at present the doctor's wife knew that these Sisters were much in need of assistants in their work, which was carried on both in a school and in a hospital.

Yes, she was sure they would be glad to take Viva in.

What was more, when the matter was suggested to them, they even offered to pay Viva's way to them.

So the matter was arranged, and Viva went, as soon almost as she was able to leave her room.

The doctor was assured that he need not fear for his patient's strength; there was plenty of light work she could do at first, which would occupy her time, without overtaxing her energies.

Meanwhile the doctor had been sedulously talked over to her view of the case by his wife, who persisted that it was hard that Viva should not be allowed her own way.

"If she dreads the idea of seeing this young man, why should she see him? Depend upon it, she will have a relapse if he is forced upon her. No; let her go and live happily and quietly for a while. Then, when her nerves have recovered their tone, let him plead his own cause. No doubt he has treated her very badly, or she would not be so averse to meeting him."

"Treated her badly indeed! Don't believe a word of it. He's a fine, generous fellow, as far as I can see. I suppose you are aware he has been paying her bills all this while."

"I am sorry to say I am. Poor child, no one would regret the fact more than herself."

"What the—dickens does she suppose she has been living on?"

"She is so frightfully impractical—so easy imposed on. She asked me, the other day, with tears in her eyes, to whom she was indebted for her board and lodging."

"I mean to pay it all back to my kind benefactor, whoever he may be, one of these days," she added.

"I had not the heart to tell her of the sum left for her use by Mr. Wallace, knowing her feeling for him. So I told her in a general way that you had a sum left in your hands to be applied to cases like her own."

"In a very general way, by Jove. I wish she had asked me. I would have told her fast enough. She ought to know. Anyone would think you had been unhappily married yourself, you are so afraid of bringing two loving hearts together. Well, I must write to Wallace, and tell him where she has gone."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. She expressly requested that no one should be told where she was, in case inquiries were made."

"I'm bound in honour to write to Wallace. I must tell him something."

"You certainly are also bound in honour to respect her confidence."

Thus perched upon two horns of a dilemma, the doctor wrote his letter. He had not failed, during the three weeks that had elapsed since Dudley left to write to him every day, although literally he had written only one or two words: better, steadily improving, and so on.

And Dudley had possessed his soul in patience awaiting his summons. When he finally received this letter, he believed the long-expected permission to hasten to Viva had arrived.

Judge of his disappointment at the contents, which, ambiguously and indefinitely worded as they were, still farther postponed their meeting.

"The young lady shrinks from resuming any of the trying associations of the past."

That sentence at least was clear. Also the statement:

"She is no longer with us."

Life had come to an end with Dudley. He had never loved Viva so deeply as now that he had lost her.

He found his way to the doctor's house, and the doctor instantly turned him over to his wife.

"This lady knows more about Miss Stoddard than I do," he said. "Make her tell you all she knows. It's my belief Miss Stoddard and my wife are a pair of fanatics. My wife here pretends to say that she thinks a woman is better employed telling her beads in a convent than darning her husband's stockings or sewing on his buttons."

"Is Miss Stoddard in a convent?" asked Dudley, leaping instantly at conclusions; and the doctor's wife had admitted that such was the case, or at least something very much like it, almost before she knew it.

Dudley fascinated the truth out of her. A misgiving crossed her mind, moreover, that she had missed an opportunity of healing a breach. She might have been that beautiful thing, a peacemaker, and she had willed otherwise.

Was it still too late? Then a sudden horror fell upon her of trying to play Providence at all. She had endeavoured to help Viva out of her difficulties, and, as it seemed, with but ill success. She had hardly the courage now to have anything to say to this young man.

She heard him presently ask for Viva's address.

She hesitated, but her husband did not; he gave it.

"I won't take the responsibility," he said to his wife, half apologetically, having done so. "The child is very forlorn and lonely, and here is a man who is devoted to her and her wants to take care of her. I say, give him a fair chance. I have stood in his way long enough—longer than I ever supposed I would; I assure you, sir, a great deal longer than I ever intended."

Viva had been ten days or so at the Sisterhood.

She found it dull work enough. There was an extraordinary lack of the enthusiasm she had looked forward to experiencing.

Instead she was met by a mere dull round of routine.

Would she ever learn to like it? Would duty ever suffice to satisfy the cravings of her starved heart?

She was creeping upstairs one evening with a great basket piled up with stockings she had been darning, when there came a ring at the bell; she put down her basket on the stairs and crept back to answer the bell.

It was probably Sister Edna, who had gone round to see the rector of St. Mary's Church about a sick child who had applied for admission.

She opened the door, and stood holding it; it was not Sister Edna, but a man—she could not see whom, in the faint light.

The gas in the hall burned dim, and it was dark outside.

"I beg pardon, but is Miss Stoddard—Miss Viva Stoddard—here?"

She knew his voice at once—Dudley's voice—with a great heart-throb.

"Yes," she said, mechanically—and seemingly not speaking of herself at all—"will you come in? She is here."

He came in slowly, closing the door behind him. Then, in the hall, he recognised her, even in the odd dress she wore—half that of a sister, with a little cap and a quaint deep collar.

"Oh, Viva, have I really found you?"

She trembled violently, leaning against the wall for a support.

She had tried to do without him—she had tried to be brave and eccentric and independent; and it had all been such a dismal failure.

"Oh, Dudley, I have been so foolish!" was all she said.

Such a happy letter as Viva wrote to the kind doctor's wife the next day! M. L.

## FACETIÆ.

MAX ADLER says: "We are surprised to read in an exchange that 'the corn of Mr. Redman, of Lymington County, is seven feet high.' We pity Redman. We cannot imagine how he gets his boot on, over such a corn as that, nor can we conceive how he contrives to walk, even when barefooted. It is hardly likely, we should think, that Redman himself is more than six feet high, and if that is the case that solitary corn of his must tower above his head. It might be a good thing to tie an umbrella to, or he might carry a flower-pot on his foot and have a

honeysuckle climbing up the corn and blossoming under his nose."

He had come over to see her father, and they had been sitting together for some time alone, and at length she tenderly asked him why he didn't get married. And he replied, with some agitation, that he had always feared that if he did, some time he might stroll into a saw-mill and be pushed against the saw and have one of his legs taken off, and have to wear a wooden one, and he thought it wouldn't be fair to his wife. And then he added, nervously, that he was in a hurry, and thought he wouldn't wait any longer.

Dr. M. recently sent to press a pamphlet on the causes, &c., of insanity. At the end of the last sheet he noted: "Il faut guillemeter les alinéas" (attend to paragraphs), which the unfortunate printer changed into "Il faut guillotiner les alinéas" (all mad people should be guillotined); and the doctor's work went forth with this astounding recommendation.

A Wisconsin lumberman offered thirty dollars in cash for a "first-rate good wife, must be beautiful, accomplished, and of gentle birth."

A few years ago there was a man in Boston who had six very corpulent daughters. When asked how many children he had, his answer was about 84 cwt. of girls.

## NIGHT AND MORNING.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint Col. E. Y. W. Henderson, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, to be a Knight Commander of the Bath. As it is quite as necessary that the matutinal ablutions of the forces be commanded, why not appoint the Colonel "Morning Commander of the Bath?"

—Fun.

## THE GREAT EAST'UN.

MR. TOOTH, of Hatcham notoriety, it is rumoured, has gone to travel in the East. Although he has not figured in connection with the Eastern question like many of his fellows, he is considerably interested in the "Eastera position." May he find it.

—Fun.

## A ONE-UP FOR THE "COMING MAN."

MR. CHARLES READE, in his very exhaustive treatises on the use of the left hand, appears to have quite overlooked the following great fact of nature, viz., that if you cut off your left hand, your right hand becomes your left hand.

—Judy.

## COMPENSATION.

"What great effects from little causes spring!"

LORD SALISBURY, accepting the Foreign Secretaryship, is forced to resign his Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions for Middlesex.

Per contra. Lord Derby, resigning the Foreign Secretaryship, is enabled to resume his Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions at Kirkdale.

—Punch.

## INVALID STATESMANSHIP.

WE have it on the most unreliable authority that during the illness of the two Chancellors, Bismarck and Gortschakoff, a special telephone was fitted up between Berlin and St. Petersburg. Invalids though they were, the veteran statesmen were determined to continue their wrestle with the problem which was convulsing Europe. And in all probability, if we know anything of sick-room human nature, this is how they did it:

BISMARCK: "Well, how goes it?"  
GORTSCHAKOFF: "Beastly! I've just had such a—ugh!—nasty dose!"  
Bismarck: "Do you hold your nose when you swallow medicine? I do, and it really takes the taste away."

Gortschakoff: "P'raps so; but I can't do it. It always makes me choke."

Bismarck: "Does your mustard plaster bite yet?"

Gortschakoff: "Rather! Does yours?"



Bismarck: "Not anything to speak of. I made them put flour in, to take off the sting."  
Gortschakoff: "Do they give you Cochle's Pills?"

Bismarck: "No, Page Woodcock's. And what good, I should like to know, can they do my rash?"

Gortschakoff: "Rash? You should try Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture."

Bismarck: "Yes, and be known ever afterwards as the man of poor-blood and iron! Ha! ha!"

Gortschakoff: "Oh! please don't laugh like that, or I shall think you're delicious!"

Bismarck: "Not at all. But I say, you know, how about this Eastern Question?"

Gortschakoff: "Oh, hang the Eastern Question!"

Bismarck: "Willingly!"  
(Left hanging.) —Funny Folks.

THINGS WE NEVER READ ABOUT, AND VERY SELDOM SEE.

(By a short-sighted contributor.)

A DUMB waiter with spectacles on.  
Kindred ties that ever would wash.

A beefeater dining on Australian mutton.  
An ounce in a village pound.

An orangeman in a brown study.  
As tidy an old friend as neat Old Tom.

A dead wall laid out on a four-poster.  
A Woolwich Infant travelling half-price on the Blackwall Railway.

The milk of human kindness with the cream on.

A swell of the Atlantic on the knifeboard of a Hackney 'bus.

A man that upholds cremation buried in a book.

A nigger minstrel investing in musical pitch.  
A clean impossibility.—Boot—"trees." Rum "shrubs." Shepherd's "Bush." And the streets swept!

Judy and that man P. on a mutual footing.  
—Judy.

ALWAYS get in something about dying of love; it's the sort of thing that sounds well, and isn't vulgar, but it's never practised.

—Fun.

THAT DOOR.

A RHEUMATIC old gentleman, whose son was careless about shutting the front door after him, called out to him one cold day, when he had left the door swinging wide:

"See much?"

"Do I?" was the response; "then how much open shall I leave it?"

"I mean you leave it open too often!" thundered the old gentleman.

"Oh, well, how often shall I leave it open?" politely inquired the son.

The father did not dare trust himself to reply.

DIRECT NEGOTIATIONS.

(The popular notion of what they are like.)

["DIRECT negotiations have for some time been carried on between London and St. Petersburg, under the auspices of Prince Bismarck."—*"Daily Chronicle."*]

ENGLAND to Russia: "Who's afraid?"

Russia to England: "You are. Yah!"

England to Russia: "Yah yourself!"

Russia to England: "Shut up!"

England to Russia: "You shut up."

Russia to England: "Shan't I?"

England to Russia: "Then I'll make you?"

Russia to England: "You daren't?"

England to Russia: "Daren't I?"

Russia to England: "No."

England to Russia: "I'll show you if I daren't."

Russia to England: "Boo! Bright!"

England to Russia: "Hoo! Vera Zassulitch!"

Russia to England: "Tamworth and South Northumberland!"

England to Russia: "Fever and famine!"

Russia to England: "Withdraw your ships, or—"

England to Russia: "Remove your army, or—"

Bismarck, interrupting:

"Now, how on earth is a fellow to shake off a rash while this abominable chatter is going on? Oh, for a quiet half-hour and a cheroot!"

—Funny Folks.

## STATISTICS.

THE RECENT LONDON FLOODS.—Dr. S. Kinns has given some interesting calculations in reference to the late rainfall, which was said to amount to three inches. This, he said, would equal 10,890 cubic feet, or 304 tons per acre, and taking the map of London, generally published in the Post Office Directory, to contain 120 square miles, there must have fallen on that surface 836,352,000 cubic feet, weighing 23,347,200 tons. This would be equal to the entire quantity of water contained in a canal 528 miles long, 30 feet broad, and 10 feet deep being emptied upon London in 24 hours. The average annual rainfall for the whole of England is estimated at 30 inches, but the amount differs greatly in the eastern and western districts. In Penzance it is 40 inches, and in London only 21 inches; therefore, on April 10 and 11 we had one-seventh of the average rainfall for a whole year. No wonder that the streets were flooded; the marvel is that so little comparative mischief was done.

## "SOMETHING TO SOMEBODY."

HARD to be "nothing to any one,"

Hard to trudge wearily on,

Under the shade of the willows,

Near ones and dear ones all gone!

Looking ahead up the highway,

Up the long, fair stretch of land,

Having no strong staff to lean on,

Feeling the clasp of no hand!

Meeting the merry and glad ones

Plucking sweet flowers by the way!

While you see only the mile-stones,

Only the wrecks in the bay!

While you hear only the echo

After the music has ceased,

Gathering husks, while the others

Garner the fruit for the feast!

"Oh! to be something to some one,

Some one fond, tender, and true;

Knowing the tear that is dropping,

Wells from the heart-stream for you!

Knowing the arm that enfolds you

(Think of this, blessed young wife),

Equals in strength a battalion,

Guarding your honour and life!

Murmur not, care-laden mother,

Little hands tug at your gown,

Once just such delicate fingers

Wove me a mother's bright crown.

Near ones and dear ones now beckon

Far on that shadowless shore!

I, should I reach that fair country,

Never shall long for love more!

M. A. K.

## GEMS.

If your friend is made of honey, do not eat him all up. If you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourself. When you are the anvil, have patience; when you are the hammer, strike straight and well. He who cannot take a hint, cannot comprehend a long explanation.

THE greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and from without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on Providence, is most unflinching.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do that which is best worth doing.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO BOIL ONIONS.—Peel medium-sized white onions and let them stand in cold water one hour; then put them into boiling water, and boil fifteen minutes; pour out this water and put in more boiling water, and cook till soft; then pour off the water and put in a little milk; season with butter and salt, and let them cook in the milk about five minutes; thicken the gravy with a little flour and water. This way of cooking will take away the strong taste of the onions, making them tender outside as well as inside.

COLD BATHING.—In summer or winter we detest it, except it be to jump into a river, plunge about for two or three seconds, and then dress, and walk home as hastily as possible. All animal nature, except the hydropic, instinctively shrinks from the application of cold water, if in health. Everybody knows that cold water cannot wash the hands clean, and yet whole tomes are scribbled about the purifying effects of cold water. Cold water kills more than cures. Hundreds of children are killed every year by fanatical mothers bathing them, head and ears, in cold water.

PASTE FOR SCRAP-BOOKS.—Corn-flour makes the best paste for scrap-books. Dissolve a small quantity in cold water, and then cook it thoroughly. Be careful not to get it too thick. When cold it should be thin enough to apply with a brush. It will not stain or mould the paper. It is the kind used by the daguerreotypists on "gem" pictures.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE hundred and fifty thousand stand of arms are daily expected at the Tower, to replace those that have been sent away.

THE Marquis of Ailesbury has presented the Freemasons of Marlborough with a lodge-room, and undertaken to provide the town band with a neat uniform.

M. GAMBETTA, we believe, is coming to London on the invitation of Sir Charles Dilke. There are few that do not admire and honour him. Throughout a dangerous and difficult crisis in the affairs of France, his conduct was noble, patriotic, and unselfish.

M. FAURE, the opera singer, has sold his pictures. The total product was over £8,000. Corot's "Italienne" went for 8,000f.; his "Gaulois," 13,000f.; Diaz's "Braconnier," 14,600f.; and Manet's very modern picture, "Le Bon Bock," 10,000f.

"EVERYTHING in this world has an end," said Sydney Smith, "except Wigmore-street." But Sydney Smith, with all his wit, was not always quite correct in those off-hand statements of his. These Russian negotiations are as endless as Wigmore-street.

To people who have been accustomed to see Temple Bar blocking the way between Fleet Street and the Strand, there is a lack of bareness about the front of the new Law courts, which it will take some weeks for us to grow accustomed to. But, nevertheless, nobody can deny that a great improvement has been effected by the removal of the Bar. All that is left of it, is now the small arch over the south pavement; and that cannot be removed for the present, as it acts as a kind of crutch for Child's bank. Without it, the time-honoured structure would tumble bodily into the street.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VERNER.—"George" means husbandman, "Ada" ornament.

H. W. S.—The terms depend upon the course of study and practice it is intended to pursue. Apply to the Secretary, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

KATE.—Carefully clip off the ends, say once a month. Remain satisfied with what Nature has done for you—there is no way of permanently effecting what you desire if health and exercise fail.

FRED.—Call upon your own ingenuity—the exertion will do you more good than would our advice. "Where there's a will there's a way."

J. P. B.—1. Dawson's Art of Modelling, 2. Carving and Fretwork, 5s. (E. Broomfield); Carving Made Easy, 1s. (Groombridge); 3. Yates's Drawing Made Easy, 1s.; Drawing, Complete Course of, 12 parts, 1s. 6d. each (Marcus Ward); also one published by Cassell, 4. Masonry and Stone-Cutting, 2s. 6d., by E. Dobson (Virtue). 5. Cemetery Mason's Useful Book of Designs for Headstones, &c., 2s., by J. B. Robinson (B. T. Bateford, 52, High Holborn); Cemeteryman: a Series of Designs for Monuments, &c., £1 1s., 2nd series, £1 5s. (same author and publisher); Christian Gravestones—150 examples—12s. (W. Sharp Ogden—just published. 6. Yes—published every Saturday, price sixpence. It treats of financial matters.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—1. Spirit varnish: Gum sandarac, 3 lbs.; pale shellac, 2 lbs.; rectified spirit (65 o.p.), 2 pails; dissolve, add one quart turpentine; agitate well, strain (quickly) through gauze, and decant clear from sediment. 2. French polish: Solution of pale shellac in either methylated spirit or wood naphtha, to which is sometimes added a little mastic, sandarac, oleum, or copal varnish to render polish tougher. 3. The French Polisher's Manual, by a French Polisher, 6d. (Spon, Charing Cross). 4. Make your own selection from the several works advertised almost daily in the newspapers. 5. The time depends upon the description of dance—say, two-four for a polka and three-four for a waltz.

AN OLD READER.—No charge is made.

A. W.—Advertisement, when received, will be inserted in the usual course.

ROSE B.—Amongst the large number now bidding for public favour it would be difficult to determine which is the best in every respect. Competition compels each maker to give a quid pro quo, and we think it likely that the article you have been recommended to get is as good as any other similar one, and certainly the principle is excellent.

E. C. S.—Neither blue nor crimson is a serviceable colour for furniture, though crimson and maroon are admirable in carpets, holding their own against time and hard use, and abuse even, amazingly. Nevertheless, one requires much patience when she takes into her house a red and black or red and maroon carpet, for not a speck of dust, a thread of material of any colour, a hair, even, can escape detection; a broom is constantly required. The word constantly is advisedly used, no other suiting the emergency. Nevertheless, no carpets give such pretty lights and reflections, or so much cheerful warmth and beauty, as one of these troublesome, monotone-shaded red ingrainings. If the furniture be of a showy colour a carpet of quiet hues should be chosen. A grocer's carpet, particularly the olive and sage shades, wears admirably though changing slightly if in too strong sunlight, as all colours do, more or less. With brown and grey the case seems to be reversed, since a brown carpet gets dingy, and a brown and grey combined needs a good deal of bright colour to give an air of comfort or cheer to a room in which it is. This is not true of brown carpets whose tones incline to maroon, but of the cool, pure browns and greys. On the contrary, chairs and sofas upholstered in brown prove the most satisfactory, perhaps, of all, since they keep warm, rich tints and mellow shades in spite of sun and time. Grey is rather too delicate a colour to be serviceable in furniture, but that it is very lovely, particularly if "picked out" by bright colours, none can deny.

H. T.—It is said that in Ireland, in boiling potatoes, they always nick off a piece of the skin, put them in a pot of cold water, which is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil. Cold water should be added as soon as the water begins to boil; when done pour all the water off, cover the vessel with a cloth, and in a few minutes they are cool enough for use.

REVOLVING GUN and PIVOT GUN, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Revolving Gun is twenty-one, medium height. Pivot Gun is twenty-one, tall, fond of home. Must be about nineteen.

LOVELY LITTLE ESTELLE, a widow, thirty-three, fond of home, blue eyes, wishes to correspond with an elderly man.

GWENTY, twenty-three, light brown hair, dark eyes, very domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-five, tall.

D. H. and A. F., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two ladies. D. H. is twenty-five, fair, curly hair, grey eyes. A. F. is of medium height, dark hair, hazel eyes.

J. J. M., dark, golden hair, brown eyes, would like to correspond with a dark young man residing in or near Ilford.

CONSTANCE, MINNIE, and FANNY, three friends, would like to correspond with three young men with a view to matrimony. Constance is seventeen, fair, light brown hair, blue eyes, medium height. Minnie is seventeen, dark, tall, brown hair, hazel eyes. Fanny is thirty, fond of home and children, dark, black hair and eyes, medium height.

LILY C. and LEONORA H., two friends, wish to correspond with two young men. Lily is twenty, tall, dark hair, blue eyes. Leonora is nineteen, of medium height, golden hair, dark blue eyes, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty-one, fond of home and tall.

FLYING JIB and SPANKER OUTHAUL, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Flying Jib is twenty-two. Spanker Outhaul is twenty-one.

ELLEN and KATE, two friends, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. Ellen is seventeen, dark. Kate is seventeen.

## PLANT THE SEED.

SOME are always grumbling, sighing,  
While the hours are quickly flying,  
When just for the simple trying  
They could gather what they need  
For all round about them lying  
Is the harvest-holding seed.

Opportunities, bright chances—  
(Not these idle, vain romances  
Born of silly dreams and fancies)  
These are what that seed contains;  
He who to them makes advances  
Shall be bettered for his pains.

Yet 'tis often long endeavour  
More than talent, quick and clever,  
More than genius, potent ever,  
That the fullest harvest gleams;  
Recklessness, e'er worst, never  
Reaps for want of proper means.

Want of patience, long enduring;  
Want of will, success securing;  
Want of purpose, not alluring;  
Want of effort rightly planned;  
Carefulness, all sloth abjuring,  
Only victory can command.

Does the farmer sit and ponder,  
Does he precious moments squander,  
When o'er vales and hill-side wander  
Woeful airs of early spring?  
Does his heart of ease grow fonder  
When he hears the bluebirds sing?

Unto him these are a token  
That the winter's reign is broken;  
Unto him they e'er have spoken,  
"Hie thee forth to till and mend;  
Hie thee, farmer! Days grow warmer!  
Plough the soil and plant the seed."

And obedience he doth render  
Till the wheat-blade, once so tender,  
Swells and fills with golden splendour  
All his fields at harvest-tide,  
Till the ripe grain, full and tender,  
Fills his granaries deep and wide.

So, if we success would gather,  
We must waste not life's fair weather;  
We must plant while in the heather  
Spring birds sing their pleasant lays,  
If the golden grain we'd gather  
To enrich life's winter days.

C. D.

P. F. and A. F., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men about twenty-four. P. F. is twenty-two. A. F. is twenty, brown hair.

MOLLIE, twenty, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-five, fond of home and children.

C. V., twenty-five, dark, would like to correspond with a young man about the same age with a view to matrimony.

G. J. E., nineteen, tall, of a loving disposition, dark hair, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home and children, brown hair, dark eyes.

TILLY J., twenty-three, fond of home, would like to correspond with a tall gentleman with a view to matrimony, dark.

B. G. and S. W., two friends, wish to correspond with two young men. B. G. is seventeen, medium height, of a loving disposition, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children. S. W. is eighteen, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home and children, medium height, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty-one, fond of home.

AMICE J., twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, of medium height, fond of music and dancing, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young man fond of home and loving.

BELLA and MARIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Bella is tall, dark hair and eyes. Marie is fair, light hair, blue eyes.

RONIN S., twenty-four, tall, dark, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age, loving, and tall.

S. L. and F. W., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. S. L. is seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, medium height. F. W. is eighteen, medium height, dark hair, dark brown eyes, loving, fond of home and children.

G. E. D. and B. E., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. G. E. D. is fair, handsome, tall. B. E. is good-looking, fair. Must be about twenty, medium height.

ASABELLA, twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a tall, dark young man. Must be twenty-one.

W. E., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-two, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony about nineteen, fond of home.

LILY, twenty-four, dark hair and eyes, tall, good-looking, domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be dark, fond of home.

BLANCHE, nineteen, fair, hazel eyes, tall, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony.

S. J. F., twenty-two, brown hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-four, dark, and loving.

GEORGE K., ROBERT G., ALFRED T., and WILLIAM M., four friends, would like to correspond with four young ladies with a view to matrimony. George K. is twenty, light hair, brown eyes, fond of music, good-looking, of medium height, fair. Robert G. is twenty-two, medium height, fond of home and children, dark hair. Alfred T. is eighteen, fair, good-tempered, fond of dancing, handsome. William M. is twenty-five, black hair, grey eyes, dark, fond of music and children. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-four, thoroughly domesticated.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

POWERFUL is responded to by—Terese, thirty, fond of home and children.

MARY by—John C., twenty-three.

AGNES by—J. A., twenty-four.

ADA by—Percy B., twenty-one, tall, fair, good-looking, loving.

H. L. by—Nora, twenty-one, tall, light grey eyes, fond of home.

HARRY by—Minnie, twenty, dark, hazel eyes, fond of home and music.

BARRY by—Eveline, eighteen, light blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

CARRIE by—M. P. H.

ETHEL by—B. B.

CLARE by—Fred, eighteen.

JEMIMA by—George, seventeen.

ANNE by—J. P., twenty-six, dark hair, medium height, loving.

K. G. by—Pollie, dark hair and eyes, good-looking, fond of home and children.

CAISY by—Will Circuit Closer, twenty, dark hair, brown eyes, fond of home and children, and of a loving disposition.

KATE by—Peter W., twenty, dark eyes, and of medium height.

NELL by—Sammy.

JESSIE by—E. L., twenty-three, fond of music, brown hair, tall.

GEORGE by—Susan, eighteen, good-tempered, medium height.

LIEKIE by—Henry B., brown hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

ETHEL by—L. S., nineteen, blue eyes, fond of home, good-tempered.

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